THE English REVIEW

UNIV. OF MICH.

DECEMBER 1936

DEREK WALKER-SMITH — Current Comments

COLLIN BROOKS — Finance: 1936

VICE-ADMIRAL USBORNE — British Policy in the Mediterranean

NEGLEY FARSON — A Life Worth Living

LT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MacMUNN — Evacuation of Gallipoli

SIR CHARLES PETRIE — Foreign Affairs

IAN MACPHERSON — The Machine on the Farm

PAMELA FRANKAU — Time to be Going

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The English Review

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The English Review

28th Year of Publication

EXPANSION OF THE ENGLISH REVIEW

It will be remembered that in the October issue of the *English Review* an announcement was made to the effect that the expansion of the paper would entail an increase in price to 2*s.* 6*d.* post free. The re-arrangements, necessitated by this change, have now been carried into effect, and the increased price of 2*s.* 6*d.* for the *English Review* will come into operation as from the January issue.

As was announced in the October issue, present subscribers who have already taken out an Annual Subscription for 14*s.* are entitled to receive the new enlarged paper at the old rate until the expiry of their subscription; intending subscribers may also secure a 12 months' delivery of the new enlarged paper by subscribing at the old rate of 14*s.* post free on or before December 31st, 1936.

CURRENT COMMENTS

December 1936

By Derek Walker-Smith

Lord Nuffield and Lord Swinton

To take first things first : how have recent events contributed to the safety of these shores ? There is no doubt that public anxiety has been aroused, and that the efforts of the Government have not so far been successful in allaying it. Before Parliament met the country was shocked and surprised by the revelation of the disagreement between Lord Nuffield and Lord Swinton. The immediate dispute was quickly shelved, and Lord Nuffield has had his vigorous energies transferred to the sphere of the mechanization of the army. There was an obvious desire on the part of the Government to say : " Let bygones be bygones so that we can all live happily ever after." But shall we all live happily ever after ? It is all very well to give Lord Nuffield other work to do ; but what about the faults which he found in the work with which he was previously associated ? There was obvious point in Lord Nuffield's criticism of the chain system of manufacture which had the approval of the Air Ministry. Is everybody who points out flaws in the bureaucratic scheme of things to be transferred to other duties ? And if so what guarantee have we that those flaws will be removed and that similar ones in the future will be detected ? A disturbing analogy presents itself. Sir Samuel Hoare pointed out flaws in the Sanctions policy of the Government twelve months ago. Sir Samuel was transferred after a short interval to the Admiralty ; and no doubt Sir Samuel was satisfied. But the flaws in the Sanctions policy were allowed to remain and we have suffered from their affects ever since.

Rearmament and Democracy

The Prime Minister delivered himself of sentiments in winding up the Defence Debate on 12th November which have caused surprise in many quarters and disapproval in not a few. In answer to Mr. Churchill he said that he was aware

of the necessity for rearmament two and three years ago, but felt himself precluded from taking action to that end by the supposed pacifist feeling of the people at that time, as evidenced in the East Fulham by-election. Many comments could be made on this surprising statement. In the first place East Fulham was not lost to the Government on account of the pacifist opinion of the electorate. It was lost primarily because the Conservatives, as is so often their regrettable custom, chose a candidate who was quite ill-adapted to the requirements of a political campaign. Many arguments have from time to time been addressed to the Powers-that-be of the Conservative Party to raise the standard of the quality of their election candidates ; if it is really the case that our necessary rearmament was delayed in the consequence of an election lost owing to the inadequacy of Conservative representation, the argument must convince even the most hardened of Party bureaucrats. But even supposing that Mr. Baldwin had been right in his analysis of the temper of the people of East Fulham, was it his duty as leader merely to accept a state of mind which he knew to be dangerous and wrong ? It is a new conception of leadership to wait upon uninformed public opinion, and make no effort to direct it into the paths in which it should go. Democracies, said Mr. Baldwin, must necessarily be two years behind Dictatorship. We do not, it is true, in England want Dictatorships ; but is it really true that in England Democracy is incompatible with efficiency and with leadership ? If so, so much the worse for Democracy.

The Mediterranean

SUCH is the effect of recent events on the position of our forces in defensive equipment. The second desideratum in ensuring the safety of our shores is to be on as good terms as possible with other nations with whom it is politic and convenient to do so. Another month has gone by, and still there is no recognition by this country of the Italian position in Abyssinia. The practical difficulty now is that as the Government, acting presumably on the advice of its Foreign Secretary, failed to recognize the Italian position at the time when the former Abyssinian Government abdicated

its capital and virtually its position, it is difficult to find a convenient occasion for so doing. Nevertheless it is a step which must be taken and, as Sir Charles Petrie points out in his Foreign Notes, better sooner than later. For it cannot but have an adverse effect upon our position in the Mediterranean, which is comprehensively analysed in this issue by Admiral Usborne. Our position in the Mediterranean is the supremely important consideration, and for this reason the Government must be especially careful not further to compromise it by repeating the mistake which they have already made with regard to Italy in the case of Spain. It is possible, even if it is regrettable, that some members of the Government have a constitutional preference for left-wing republican governments with affinities with Moscow; but this does not for a moment absolve them from their duty of recognizing the new right-wing government of Spain, which events have shown must shortly come into existence. We showed almost indecent haste in recognizing the Republican Government which expelled King Alfonso. No doubt it was politic to do so. But it is even more politic to make sure that we do not unnecessarily endanger our position in the Western Mediterranean by an initial insult to the new Spanish Government, to which we must feel ourselves united by the bonds of affinity that bind patriots of all nations.

The City and the Distressed Areas

HAVING obtained such satisfaction as we legitimately can from a contemplation of recent events in relation to the safety of our shores, we can pass to a consideration of the effect in relation to our second fundamental point of policy —a common working for common prosperity. It differs from Adam Smith's " Opulence " because it is a prosperity which must extend to all and which must be contributed to by the united efforts of all. There must be a common working. But the complaint of Jarrow and the complaint of Merthyr is that there is no work for them to do. And yet boom conditions have been prevailing on the Stock Exchange. It may seem a far cry from Jarrow to the City. But it is not as far as it used to be. And complacent gentlemen in Throg-

morton Street must realize that boom conditions are economically unlikely against the background of Jarrow and Merthyr, and that apart from the economic aspect, a community that allowed one to co-exist along with the other would be spiritually bankrupt.

Causes of Disquiet

But how wide is in reality the gulf between the City of London and the distressed areas? Mr. Collin Brooks points out in a different part of this issue that the apparent prosperity of the City is not based on too stable a foundation. He finds in it several of the disquieting factors which preceded the great Slump which, aided by Socialist maladministration, brought the country so near the brink of disaster in 1931. Amongst the disquieting factors which he detects is our unbalanced trade. Nor, with the shrinking of invisible exports, can this position be improved without a rally in our export trade. The same is probably true of the distressed areas. The best, and possibly the only, method of bringing back prosperity to those people in those places, is to revive our export trade. Nobody suggests that this is an easy matter despite a rise in the figures for October, and the difficulty of its achievement is naturally increased by foreign tariffs and the high cost of production at home. But it is not a task which in wisdom or in safety we can afford to abandon. Yet how much real effort is being made in this direction to-day? Mr. Collin Brooks is unfortunately right when he says: "In basic industries like iron and steel no man seeks to enlarge his export trade, for it is so much easier and most profitable to take Government contracts, or home orders resulting from such contracts."

What in effect this means is that there is a tendency to play for safety at the expense of a portion of the industrial population. But under the capitalists' system a duty is owed to the industrial population, who are affected by circumstances over which they themselves have no control. The duty is the greater in the present instance because many of these areas suffered by reason of the disarmament programmes of successive governments, whereas recently South Wales has suffered by the unwise conduct of Government

in imposing economic sanctions on Italy. There is therefore no real issue as to the existence of a duty owed by the community and its representatives to these particular sections of the community.

Politicians and the Distressed Areas

THE important point is: what form is this duty to take? Unfortunately, there is a reluctance to come to grips with this vital issue and a readiness to obscure it with a cloud of words devoted to showing that some other party does not recognize the existence of the duty. Thus the Socialist party is always ready to say that Conservatives do not care about the fate of the most hard-pressed sections of the industrial population. It is far easier to say that the other side does not care than to say what you would do; and the Socialist Party proceeds, ungraceful and purposeless as usual, along the path of least resistance. Their efforts are devoted primarily to making political capital out of the issue and far too much of their time is spent in making uninformed and ill-documented attacks upon their opponents. There is, there can be, and there must be no question but what the Conservatives do care. This was demonstrated clearly in the House of Commons by Mr. Lennox-Boyd on 11th November, when he took occasion too to give the Socialists a salutary reminder of the difference between their attitude to the distressed areas and hunger marchers when they were the Government of the day and their attitude towards them at the present time.

Industry and Conservative Principles

THE duty of the House of Commons is not to listen to deputations of hunger marchers, but to do something for them. This is where the Socialists, and perhaps Mr. Lennox-Boyd, too, find themselves in a difficulty. What is it that is to be done? This question demands, though unfortunately it does not appear to receive, very clear thinking. There is a tendency to say: "Something must be done; this is something; therefore let us do it." To do

this or to throw upon the Government the responsibility for the conduct of industry would be a negation of Conservative principles; it would also have the inevitable effect of making the last state of those people worse than the first. The traditional Tory principle in this regard is, as I have said before, to leave the day to day conduct of industry in the hands of those whose business it is to understand it, and of restricting Government interference to creating the best conditions possible for the prosperity of industry and for ensuring that none of those who contribute to that prosperity shall go without their fair share in its rewards. If these principles are right, they apply to a difficult situation just as much as to any other. Those who do not believe them have ceased to be Conservatives and should pursue their remedy under a different title.

The Approach to the Problem

It follows from this that, though the Government can help in various directions it cannot and should not, try to produce the miracles which the Opposition demand of it. It can and should take steps for helping to create better general conditions for the prosperity of industry. In particular it can and should help to promote the revival of our export trade, which alone can really restore the prosperity that is sought. It can, too—and it is its duty so to do—make a fair and reasonable allocation of Government contracts; but in so far as this does not expand the general trade or production of the country, it may descend to a system of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Above all it must be clear that nothing is to be gained by allowing politicians to obtrude into the actual conduct of industry. No sane person can possibly for a moment suppose that any improvement in conditions could possibly result from allowing Mr. Attlee or Mr. Lansbury or Miss Wilkinson to dictate the course and processes of industrial production. Such a result could only make confusion worse confounded. It would be almost equally fatal if, on the analogy of "anything is better than nothing," the Government lent itself to a system of economically wasteful relief works, which would have the effect of making the general conditions for industry more adverse

than they are to-day. The proper place for relief works in a well ordered scheme of things is in self-supporting schemes of the sort developed in Germany under the new administration. They are valuable in many ways without of course being as desirable as an absorption of the industrial population in the proper business of industry. But the basic fact remains that Henry Ford himself could not make industry prosper in a given place if the equipment for it is wrong or inadequate and the conditions unfavourable or unsuitable. There is too little recognition of this fact. It may be that in the solution of the problem of our distressed areas, migration of labour to districts more suited to modern industrial requirements may be necessary to some extent as a preliminary to a revival of our export trade. It may be too that an extension of the system of labour or unemployment camps may be desirable as a corollary to—though by no means and in no sense a substitute for—our industrial revival. What appears from recent debates in the House of Commons and from Ministerial pronouncements is that the Government and its supporters are not free from the Socialist inversion of the values of constructive realism and sentimental rhetoric. If they could relate conditions to principles and, like the Duke of Wellington, see to the end of the campaign before taking isolated and possibly mistaken steps, they would have placed their feet more firmly on the road to industrial revival. It is the indispensable condition precedent to the salvation of the distressed areas and the preservation of the country as a whole from the danger of another economic collapse.

Lord Howard de Walden

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN has been doing some clear thinking on the subject of rates and local government. In his speech to the National Organisation of Rate Payers he pointed out that "the amount of money we have to pay increases annually, the number of people who receive it increases annually, and the number of ways they receive it increases annually." Is it all to a good purpose? Lord

Howard de Walden sees a comparison with the ancient Danegeld and quotes Rudyard Kipling's poem :

> " But we've proved it again and again,
> That if once you have paid them the Danegeld
> You never get rid of the Dane."

As an instance of this Lord Howard de Walden quoted statistics with relation to mental deficiency :—

" When we learn that for some time £11,000,000 a year has been spent to diminish the amount of mental defect and disorder in the rate-aided population, and that the numbers under care are increasing at a steady rate of about 2,000 a year, can we be certain that the expenditure is not actually increasing the problem ? If the policy is wrong what will future generations think of our indifference ?"

Lord Howard de Walden is to be congratulated on concentrating his attention on the purpose of things as well as their machinery, on the " why " as well as the " how". It is a mode of thinking which must be recaptured if this country is to emerge successfully from the problems that beset it.

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

THE week-end before I write I was shooting in North Norfolk. There is something very pleasing nowadays in serried acres of arable land. It reminds me of my own home in the war-time when the crisis of 1917 made us respect the English countryside. It is wonderful how some of the Norfolk farmers have weathered the storm, and at the first sign of better prices are plying their craft again with the same respect for its rules. That they have had a very poor time readers of Dr. Brereton's article in the last number of the *English Review* can hardly doubt. Kale, sugar beet and cabbages seem to have taken the place of the traditional crops of turnip and mangold. However, the countryside looks much like itself again, and I inspected between beats a very fair Folding of Suffolk ewes. The thing that distressed me most was the absence of labourers even in those highly cultivated fields. On all sides I heard an account of a genuine shortage, and I didn't notice the old type of skilled labourer either in the fields or among the beaters. I was told that the seasonal work was chiefly done by travelling gangs and, of course, tractors droned away on the stubbles around us. It is a pity that people forget that such a countryside was intended to provide a life for men as well as food for mouths segregated in genteel urban employment.

Before lunch on Sunday I was shown some sixty good Irish bullocks that were not expected to make a loss this year. They were housed in very poor buildings that would have convinced some of our urban minded agriculturalists that farming was in need of capital. However, I can boast some of the best farm buildings in the country myself, and I think the feeder is lucky to be quit of accredited schemes and the whims of bureaucrats. Any contempt I may have had for the surroundings was turned to envy when I saw the muck that this Norfolk farmer was going to have out on his fields next year. The cattle were well up to their knees in good wheat-straw and half a dozen pigs were penned up with as many bullocks.

Since I last wrote the only event I have attended in the agricultural world has been the Dairy Show. It is

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Since I last wrote the only event I have attended in the agricultural world has been the Dairy Show. It is

interesting how nowadays the real purpose of these shows is dwarfed by the *etceterae*. The cows confine themselves to Gilbey Hall and the produce to another, and as one stands in the big hall in a sea of sterilizing plants and bottling machines it is hard to remember that the money in the industry is produced by men paying rents of brown earth and not by the multiple dairy stores whom one supposes are the purchasers of those mechanized luxuries. I shall always remember the story I heard of a neighbour who is herself a producer-retailer and the mother of three unusually comely and robust daughters. She had gazed for some time at an exhibit and the salesman said, "Madam, are you interested?" "No," she said, "I was only thanking God that my own daughters had not been brought up on clean milk."

As a Shorthorn breeder of course that breed gained my chief attention. I was very interested in a white cow that was a real good looker and had received an award on inspection. A white Shorthorn has to be very good to win a prize, although I can never understand the prejudice against them both for prize and sale. Some of the best progeny in the breed has been white, and I speak with feeling as my present bull has produced any number of white heifers. At the show I was most impressed with the island cattle. I have the same feeling each year. There is something very impressive about the Jerseys. There is a real breed, with type stamped all over it, and a clean record of breed control and natural close breeding. The 3,000 gallon Friesian I am afraid did not interest me. I have never regarded the acrobat as an athlete, and I am generally suspicious of specialization. Of course, it is a wonderful achievement and pays great tribute to her feeder and breeder. However, unnatural yields ought not to be encouraged. I think they excite emulation and eventually damage the breed as they have done the White Leghorn in the poultry world.

* * *

On 5th November benefits became payable in the Agricultural Unemployment Insurance Scheme. The fund is to be self-supporting and much money is not likely to be drawn out this winter. As I was told in Norfolk there is likely to be a real labour shortage on the land for some

years. County Councils, who are about the only people who can afford good estate work nowadays, have a good many roads to drain and fence. The building trade has kept quarries fairly active, and now aerodromes are going to create a good deal of employment. In fact everything that is not productive looks healthy.

I think some town people are surprised that farm workers have not been insured before. The answer is quite simple if one looks at the history of farming. In the old days when country people lived on the produce of their own land like the Scottish crofter, it was only a famine that created a crisis. The unemployment problem as such was unknown, because as long as a man had something to eat he did not mind having nothing to do. Then, when farming for profit commenced with the industrial revolution, the unemployment problem became real. Landlords built large barns on their estates, mostly from 1840–60, where winter work could be carried on like dressing flax, and thrashing with flails ; and that saved the farm worker from seasonal depressions. Now, alas, the farm is regarded as a mine to supply raw material and no longer a workshop. Everything is processed outside like wheat and sugar beet, and the result is that we are facing for the first time in this country a problem that is known in the New World where land workers live in townships and only work on the land at certain seasons. Unlike some of the industrial districts where sudden dislocation has occurred, the village has decayed gradually with the introduction of machinery and the fall in prices. The fact is that the population has fallen and the younger generation has sought work elsewhere. The Ministry's returns in June showed a further decrease in agricultural workers of 33,100. However, I continue to hope that this tendency will cease and that the land will receive again the individual attention that it deserves.

* * *

This question of individual attention confronted me in rather an unexpected way the other day. My old carter who has worked on the farm for over forty years made a mysterious request. He asked especially to use a single-furrow plough on a certain field. He reckoned we should

never get it clean unless we made a good job of the ploughing. I admit that I received a rude rebuke for my impatience as the under-carter was already at work with a double-furrow plough, and I intended using the tractor if we got too far behind. However, the old man was adamant about this particular field and he knows every furrow on the place too well to make stupid suggestions.

Of course he is right and scientists could prove it if they took the trouble. Ploughing can be either an art or a process according to the spirit in which it is done, and no master can create the finest work unless he has complete control of his tools. It is essential that he should be able to deal with the variation of texture of his medium. Width and depth of furrow must be constantly adapted to the needs of the soil and adjustments of a very accurate nature made by hand and eye at every step. Two tools tied together is only a clumsy and childish attempt to avoid the truth that every man must plough his own furrow. Good heart can be put into the land only by the mind and hand of master men. The multiple furrow machine is almost equivalent to pulling both triggers simultaneously at a covey of birds. I shall await eagerly the results from this field, but I know its cultivation will stand out in the countryside like all the rest of the old man's work.

* * *

At the end of Lord Lymington's address to the Farmer's Club on 2nd November there appeared this sentence: "Fertility will come swiftly when farmers of every degree have faith to make this country's soil their master." I am told that no less than three amanuenses asked if the last word ought not to have been "servant."

* * *

At the Dairy Show a large box of South African eggs was prominently displayed and bore the placard: "None better." On the facts as stated it would have been a corollary in a saner age that the producers would have eaten them.

* * *

A friend of mine in the Midlands has just lost all this season's harvest in a fire. The farm bailiff was in tears, but a city guest was gratified to hear that it was insured.

The National Health

By Piers Clerk

Lord Dawson of Penn recently warned the students of Guy's Hospital Medical School of our progress towards national suicide. He said :

" The problem of rearing a fit race transcends in importance all other domestic questions. By the improvement of medical knowledge and by the quickening of the public conscience, we have cut down the death-rate and thereby enabled to survive many unfit people whom in the old days nature eliminated. This bad stock is a dead-weight on the nation. These people are passengers in the national omnibus, and if they propagate, which they do not hesitate to do, the damage they inflict is carried on to future generations. No policy which aims at raising the national physique can succeed if it does not take cognizance of these biological facts.

" Our piece-meal social policy has no coherent purpose, and is too much shaped by expediency. There is not behind it the study of scientific law and biological facts on which alone the health of a people can be founded. Falling death-rates are only matters for congratulation in proportion as they denote the preservation of people healthy enough to enjoy life and effective enough to be sound workers and sound players."

* * *

Just three years ago Lord Horder warned us that :

" A national stock-taking shows some unpalatable facts. In this country, one in 120 persons is feeble-minded, one in 200 is insane, one in ten is too dull or too sickly to be absorbed into industry. The expense of educating and caring for these inefficients is enormous, but more serious is the fact that the future stock is being recruited from them."

We were warned also in 1934 by Sir George Newman, then Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, who wrote in his annual report on the health of the school-child :

" The exceptional saving of infant life since 1910 has added to the population thousands of young children who

under different circumstances would not have survived. If we are saving as many physically and mentally enfeebled children, it is obvious that we must anticipate a heavy burden of defective children in the schools at five years of age. . . . When we come to observe 100 children of the age of twelve years in an average elementary school, we shall find that 75 per cent. of them reveal more or less serious defects."

These terrible words, coming from men who command the greatest respect and authority, must force us, unless we are consciously and deliberately bent on national decay, to revise not merely our ideas about the so-called social services but the very foundations of our morality.

Views and practices which we have been taught to regard as the highest good have proved to be most potent of evil. Where we have tried to be kind we have been unkind. Policies adopted with the idea that they would improve the physical and mental standard of the people have created a host of degenerates which threatens to swamp us.

Ignorance can no longer be pleaded to postpone repentance. Evidence in plenty can be quoted in support of the statements of the three distinguished medical men. We know with unassailable certainty that Herbert Spencer was right when he asserted:

"A society which takes for its maxim 'It shall be as well for you to be inferior as superior' will inevitably degenerate and die away in long-drawn miseries."

Yet fury is stirred in the sentimental mind by the truth, and people rage when it is suggested that they should foster the good at the expense of the evil. Popular taste has become so debased that sympathy oozes out towards all that is inferior in humanity, while the finest stock in the world is diminished and corrupted by the invasion of low and alien types, by economic war, by drugs and the poisoning of environment.

KING JAMES I.

Speech in Star Chamber, 1616

AND now out of my owne mouth I declare unto you (which being in this place is equal to a Proclamation, which I intend likewise shortly hereafter to have publickly proclaimed), that the Courtiers, Citizens and Lawyers, and those that belong unto them, and others as have Places in Terme time are onely necessary persons to remaine about this Citie; others must get them into the Countrey; For beside the having of the country desolate, when the Gentrie dwell in this London, divers other mischiefs arise upon it; First, if insurrection should fall out (as was lately seene by the Levellers gathering together) what order can bee taken with it, when the country is unfurnished of Gentlemen to take order with it? Next, the poore want reliefe for fault of the Gentlemens hospitalitie at home: Thirdly my service is neglected, and the good government of the country for lacke of the principal Gentlemens presence, that should performe it; and lastly the Gentlemen lose their owne businesse at home. Therefore as every fish lives in his own place, some in fresh, some in salt, some in the mud; so let every one live in his own place, some at Court, some in the Citie, some in the Countrey; especially at Festevall times, as Christmas and Easter and the rest.

The New Mediterranean Problem and its Solution

By Vice-Admiral Usborne, C.B., C.M.G.

At the autumn session of the Assembly of the League of Nations, Great Britain's Foreign Minister, Mr. Eden, in a speech dealing with the reform of the League, emphasized Britain's intention *of becoming and remaining strong*. When the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Samuel Hoare, returned from an inspection of the Fleet in the Mediterranean last summer, he made several pronouncements which still further clarified the British Government's intention.

In effect he said that we intend to abdicate neither the Mediterranean nor Malta, but to face and solve the new and difficult problems which have arisen, in order to make our position secure for the future, and he emphasized that this decision implied no shadow of a threat to any other nation, and that the taking of measures to insure the security of so vital a highway of our Empire is self-evident common-sense, and implies no new policy.

While he is undoubtedly right that this implies no new policy, recent kaleidoscopic changes in the Mediterranean have set a new problem for carrying that policy into effect. It is essentially one for the Defence Minister and the Imperial Defence Committee, for all three arms are concerned, but the Navy is the principle factor involved.

Looking at the map of that long and straggling ocean it is apparent how great must be the task of rectifying a situation of weakness which had crept upon us, rather unawares. It is undeniable that our lack of bases increases our difficulties. It is vain to regret our possessions of other days. Tangier, Minorca, Corfu, all given away voluntarily for one reason or another. To-day we have at the western entrance, Gibraltar, a fortress, harbour and dockyard which enables us to command the Straits. But it is extremely vulnerable to shell-fire from Spain, has no aerodrome and is confronted by Ceuta, an equally strong fortress, immediately opposite in Morocco.

The efficacy of Gibraltar as a dockyard depends on the goodwill of Spain, for guns could easily be mounted in the surrounding hills which could lob shells into the dockyard and prevent the repair of any ships, indeed it could preclude ships lying in the harbour at all, just as during the Russo-Japanese War the Japs were able to shell the Russian ships to destruction in the harbour of Port Arthur. Vulnerable also by air, from Oran, Spain, French and Spanish Morocco, Gibraltar could never hope with her limited potential landing-ground on the north front, to have an air fleet capable of replying. There has in the past been question of exchanging Gibraltar for Ceuta which would have had many advantages for us, there was also a proposal to build the dockyard on the east side of the Rock instead of the west, where it would have been sheltered from gun-fire from Spain. But such changes though still desirable, would be difficult to-day and the utility of Gibraltar in a major war requires the neutrality of Spain.

Except for Malta we do not possess another inch of ground over the whole long 2,000 miles of sea until we reach the Eastern corner. Here Alexandria affords us a submarine-free harbour by Treaty rights, Haifa with its pipeline is at our disposal by League Mandate, and Cyprus, really our own, gives us a piece of ground on which to rest. This last with its flat central plain could become an air-base of unlimited capacity, but it at present possesses no ship-harbour worthy of the name.

Our task is to defend our communications and it is one we can never abandon. The Mediterranean is our main as well as our shortest line of approach to India, the Malay States and Australia not to mention the Sudan, Burma, Ceylon, Kenya, Tanganyika and many other colonies. To have to go round the Cape, adding many thousands of miles to the journey, would so weaken our power to protect our Empire and so hamper our trade, that in these competitive days, it might well be enough to destroy us. For a base in South Africa would be essential and here the predominant influence is Dutch. It is well known that separatist tendencies exist and while I do not discount the possibilities of a genuine affection springing up, I believe the main factor

which keeps South Africa a member of the Empire is a desire for support in case of aggression. But if the Empire were weakened by the loss of the Mediterranean line of communication, the temptation for her to secede and become an independent country would be great. And were she then to do so our Empire would indeed be ended.

Of these communications, by far the most important is the main trade route from Gibraltar to Port Said connecting us with the Persian Gulf, India, Australia and the Far East. But also important is the branch route leading north-eastwards into the Aegean, the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. Third in importance comes the trade in raw materials to Italy and Dalmatia. In the western Mediterranean the same route is common to all three, only after passing Sardinia do they diverge.* They are, quite obviously, extremely vulnerable from Spain, France or Italy whose coast-lines, studded with harbours and aerodromes lie along the route. *How are we to insure that in all circumstances these ships shall pass?*

It is broadening to one's view-point to take each of our possible opponents, and looking out at the world through their eyes, endeavour to understand their problems.

Spain

SPAIN has for many years shut herself off from external politics as much as possible. By this wise policy she evaded the Great War. Yet she made an exception in 1926 by combining with France to consolidate her interest in the Riff. She exports fruit, iron and copper and it would be serious for her to lose England as a market. She cannot afford the drain of war especially after her present struggle and a war against England would risk the loss of her Atlantic colonies. It must be good policy for Spain to keep friends with us, which she can do by observing a strict neutrality in our disputes.

At the time of writing General Franco appears to be about to capture Madrid. Italy and Germany have announced their intention of recognizing him while Portugal has severed relations with the old government. It may be

* Except the trade to Geneva, whose direct route strikes further north.

assumed then that General Franco's party will be the government of Spain for several years to come. He has undoubtedly received much help from Italy and some from Germany. I do not, of course, suggest that this help continued after the non-intervention agreement. But much assistance must already have been on the way by the time that document was signed, and it is evident that from somewhere or other munitions and skilled personnel have still been flowing into Spain. It must be asked what obligations General Franco has contracted towards the countries who helped him. The disturbing rumours that Italy was to have Ceuta and perhaps one or more of the Balearic Islands while Germany was to get the Canaries and another of the Balearic Islands became merely amusing when it was reported that Portugal was to give the Azores to Germany and was to have a Spanish province as compensation. They may now be discounted. General Franco has denied them categorically, remarking that the National Movement cannot entertain the idea of a territorial mutilation ; also, with regard to Ceuta, that the National Spanish Movement will respect treaties already in force. He alludes, doubtless, to the treaty between Britain, France and Spain stipulating that the Northern coast of Morocco shall remain unfortified and under the control of Spain and of no other country. Apart from this it would be exceedingly difficult for Franco, when he gets into the saddle, to start his new régime by giving away Spain's outlying possessions. Finally, as a result of Count Ciano's visit to Berlin, Germany and Italy have formally renounced the rumoured territorial changes.

Had the story been true I feel sure our Government would have taken immediate steps to inform the countries concerned that Britain could not tolerate the cessions and in such a warning France would certainly have joined.

But although we need not contemplate an Italian Ceuta or a German Majorca we must not discount the possibility of a secret treaty which would give the Dictator countries the use of these places in war. Indeed it has been freely stated in the Press that a secret agreement was made between the late General Sanjurjo and Germany by which Port Mahon was to be placed at the disposal of the German

Fleet in the event of an European war, and that the Spanish Fleet would co-operate to prevent the passage of French troops through the Mediterranean. We cannot however as yet speak with any certainty about the nature of these agreements, that they exist in some form is more than probable. The use of Ceuta in war would be invaluable to Italy, for example, as would that of the Canaries or the Balearic Islands to Germany. Or again, if Germany were given the right to construct a harbour together with trade privileges say in the Rio del Oro, the Spanish colony south of Morocco, her whole world-position would be strengthened.

History shows that secret agreements of this character invariably come to light in the end, and though diplomacy would presumably take no official cognizance of them until published, it would be compelled to take counter measures. Perhaps our Foreign Office is at this moment puzzling over the appropriate riposte which might take the form of similar agreements with other powers for the use of their bases by the British in war.

All this is however purely speculative. As has been said, Spain's interest lies in remaining neutral in any European trouble, and she can hardly hope to do this if she opens her ports to belligerents. Therefore, though she must concede something she will give as little as she can.

France

FRENCH trade swarms in and out of the great port of Marseilles. Her fleet is based on Toulon. In the event of a war with any of her neighbours she must immediately bring home large consignments of first-line troops from Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. Their shortest and most obvious route is to Marseilles. It is true there is an alternative. They can go by rail all the way from Tunis or Algiers to Casablanca on the Atlantic coast, whence they can be shipped straight to Bordeaux, so avoiding the Mediterranean altogether. But obviously the short route saves several days, an important factor in a mobilization. France has Italy on her flank, with effective bases in Sardinia. Clearly her first concern must be to maintain a naval force strong enough to command the Western Basin against any Italian

threat. Every warship built by Italy causes apprehension in France and results in French counter-building, no matter what financial strain is involved.

She considers it necessary to have in the Mediterranean a Naval force equal to that of Italy quite apart from her Atlantic squadrons which are required for the defence of her northern coasts. In her view this entitles her to a considerably larger total fleet than Italy, and on this rock all attempts at limitation by agreement have split. It comes to this, that for every naval increase made by Italy we must expect a corresponding increment by France. Hence a British Fleet which will provide security against the one, should meet requirements against the other also.

Germany

It seems curious to include Germany in a review of the Mediterranean Powers, but the Spanish Revolution has given her the opportunity to make her influence felt and she has grasped it. It was remarked in the *Manchester Guardian* of 20th October referring to Germany, that she counted in the Mediterranean for the first time since the War, and she was determined to go on counting—her help is the beginning of a political, commercial and naval influence—she seeks access to world politics through the gate of the Mediterranean.

These statements arise, from the fact that the battleship *Deutschland* visited General Franco at Ceuta early in the revolution, that Germany now has a small squadron under General Bohm in Spanish Mediterranean waters, and from the alleged secret agreement already mentioned. No one can blame Germany for seeking to extend her influence, for fraternising with Italy or for manœuvring for commercial advantage. These things are very necessary to her. We need only consider them here in relation to our central problem of Mediterranean communications and it cannot be denied that the constant presence of a German squadron in the Mediterranean would complicate this problem. It is therefore to be hoped that Germany's need for British friendship will deter her from measures which would make the Mediterranean more of an armed camp than ever.

Italy

ITALY has for many years dubbed herself, rather sadly, the " Prisoner of the Mediterranean." Coal, oil and many other raw materials are essential to her and Britain can stop a large proportion of these at Gibraltar and Port Said. But there is nothing new in this and only her nascent imperialism finds irksome what an earlier and gentler administration accepted with equanimity. England has had no quarrel with Italy and need have none. Even Abyssinia was a League and not a British matter, but it served to focus a situation which was potentially unpleasant. Italy felt herself caged, and since she was, at the same time, increasing her commitments beyond Suez, and alienating British sympathy, this became deadly serious for her. Yet for the relatively penurious Italy to build a navy to rival England's was beyond the power even of a dictator.

But there is always present in naval warfare the romantic possibility that the weak power may destroy his stronger rival by the subtle agency of some new weapon. England put her faith in battleships, but her battleships were old and out-of-date. Submarines and aircraft gave Italy a possible answer and she had lately been building both. For the rest she had to content herself with enough cruisers, flotilla-leaders and destroyers to balance France, and her excellent designers made good use of their opportunities.

Italy must realize that to fight Britain would be to risk everything she has won in her rapid rise to world power. Should the gamble fail, and there is no precedent for success, the strangle-hold of blockade must surely destroy her. On the other hand so long as friendly relations are maintained, there is no one else strong enough to interfere with her communications, which, incidentally, coincide with the British trade route to the East. It seems probable, then, that Italy will now do everything in her power to keep friends with Britain and Mussolini's speech of 1st November confirms this as her policy. Its advisability increases as Britain, by her preparations, reduces the prospect of a successful naval gamble. Seeing Britain re-arming, Italy must feel her isolation and has turned to Spain, Germany, Yugo-Slavia and Hungary for friendship. Why

not all be friends? The olive branch held out to England and France in the denial of foreign territorial designs following on Franco's victory, exemplifies this tendency. Britain will in my view be wise to forget the immediate past, and grasp the hand tendered.

Britain's Task

THE question of allies brings innumerable complications whose military aspect could not possibly be dealt with in the scope of one article. It suffices to say that it is the business of diplomacy to ensure that we shall have allies to meet any groups that may combine against us. If, for example, Italy had the support of Germany in a quarrel against England, we should probably have France on our side. That would be a world war rather than a Mediterranean question.

So it comes about that, without the faintest hostility to Italy, the essence of Britain's Mediterranean problem is to hold a force available there which can ensure her communications against Italian attack. The basis of this is, as ever, a battle fleet which can meet and defeat anything our hypothetical opponent may place upon the waters. And a battle fleet requires attendant cruiser squadrons, air craft carriers and destroyers, as well as submarines to watch the opponent's bases. But this is far from all. Merchant ships could not sail singly, and therefore convoys between Gibraltar and Malta, Malta and Port Said, and Malta and the Dardanelles, must ply frequently. They must have destroyers to guard them against submarine attack, vessels with anti-aircraft guns to keep air attacks at a distance and 8-inch armoured cruisers to prevent a surface raid by hostile cruisers. Now that Italy is building two fast 35,000-ton battleships our battle-cruisers or some new type of battleship must also be called into play. To blockade our opponent would be a matter-of-course, as would be the severing of her African communications. In addition some definitely offensive action in the Mediterranean would have to be envisaged.

Clearly, for such a campaign, we fall far short in destroyers, and the slowness and age of many of our cruisers

as compared with Italy's would be a severe handicap. Our programme must include more destroyers, and special vessels with overwhelming anti-aircraft fire, and we must somehow or other wring out of our shipyards some cruisers which in speed, armour and armament are equal to, if not better than, the latest afloat. It is with this object that our 8-inch cruisers are about to be reconstructed. We are weak also in numbers of submarines, but this may prove a blessing in disguise, since new developments may enable us to build craft which will render all existing types out-of-date. That however is a burning technical question which does not belong to this article.

The reluctance of Whitehall to doling out any money for strengthening our overseas bases is proverbial. Bases, by rights, take second place to ships, and since there is never enough money for both, the bases invariably go to the wall. But here is a case where the bases simply must be attended to. And Malta is the keystone of everything. Without it our communications, difficult enough in any case, would be impossible. Flanked by our opponent's territory, it must be made safe at all costs. Anti-aircraft batteries, fighters and pursuit-planes in large numbers, means for detecting air attacks, these are the commonplaces of modern defences. Mine-sweepers, bombing-planes, bomb-proof shelters for vital services, all must be ready. There is nothing impossible about the defence of Malta. The enclosing of Marsa Scirocco Bay, to make a new harbour for ships and flying boats would be a vast improvement. It will probably come one day, it ought to come now. Cyprus will surely be developed as an air base, possibly also as a harbour for warships. The necessity for it is a delicate problem involving policy, strategy and the limits of the purse, and having regard to Haifa and our treaty rights at Alexandria. Docking facilities in the Eastern Basin also require provision and a floating dock could if necessary be provided.

With a fully-equipped battle fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean ready to operate on the opponent's outposts there could be no doubt of the result, provided there is nothing wrong with the British belief that a battle fleet can maintain itself against submarines and aircraft. The nation has to

trust someone, and in this vital matter the Admiralty are not likely to take their responsibilities lightly. But so great are these responsibilities that on the home experimental front nothing must be spared to make this certainty more sure.

So bellicose a disquisition, and all in the interests of peace! It is my hope and belief that Britain and Italy will always remain friends, and Italy can feel certain, now that she has joined the ranks of "satisfied nations," that peace-loving Britain will never provoke her.

This is an era in which force alone appears to count. Britain merely wishes to pass her ships unmolested, *but in all circumstances*, through the Mediterranean, and it is impossible to discuss the measures necessary without mentioning, though in the most hypothetical way, the names of our possible opponents. Britain's remodelled Navy, making as I have shown, for future peace, will thus contribute to the prosperity of all Mediterranean nations, not least among which is our ardent and powerful friend and one-time ally Italy.

The Power Behind European Freemasonry

By Ernest Hambloch

THE authorship of the concept that "of making many books there is no end" is disputed. But, though freemasons themselves are never sure if they ought to trace the origin of their craft to Solomon, they certainly bear out the dictum attributed to him in the matter of books. As recently as 1926, for instance, the German Union of Freemasons financed the edition, in Leipzig, of an addition to an already stupendous catalogue of " all that had been written " in every country on their craft. The number of works is amazing. But it is probable that on no other single subject has so much been written that is stale and unprofitable, for nothing could be more inconclusive that what is written on the brotherhood, unless it be what is talked about it inside the craft itself. The reasons are not far to seek. Most writers on freemasonry start with a preconceived thesis, or else an axe to grind. They are either for or against. They are concerned with fitting such facts as they can unearth into their own theories. Thus, their methods are usually inductive, and their reasoning as faulty as their views are biased : this, when they are not occupied, as most of them are, in assigning meanings to symbols.

But that is by no means the whole story. Freemasons themselves are at variance, not only as to the origins of their craft, but as to its immediate aims. Of its ultimate objective they have not the vaguest idea. They scorn the suggestion that it is nothing but a glorified club. But what it is they cannot say. It is not merely that those who could tell will not. It is rather that those who should be expected to know do not. The gnostics are ignorant. They cover up that lack of knowledge by repetition of vain phrases, when any new brother can induce them to talk. There are always mysteries to be revealed, just round the corner—at some further stage of initiation. So that, for all practical purposes, their philosophy of the craft reduces itself to informing yesterday's neophyte that he is to remember : " Jam yesterday, jam to-morrow ; but never jam to-day."

Nevertheless, freemasonry remains not merely as a fact, but as an influence and an attraction; for the disappointed neophyte does not as a rule break away from the craft. A man will often make as little ado about changing his religion as he will about changing his shirt. But the same man will cling to the craft, and indeed be pleased to go through the various stages of advancement therein. Clearly, freemasonry exercises some peculiar hold on him. Furthermore, it continues to recruit new members on a scale unprecedented in any other manifestation of voluntary enlistment.

If therefore any correct idea of freemasonry is to be formed, enquiry must be directed precisely along the lines on which freemasons themselves are silent. What is it all about and what are its aims? Why has it such a hold on those already "initiated"? And why does it offer attractions to the "uninitiated"?

The last question is the most important, in some respects; for no matter what freemasonry is about, and no matter what reasons those who are "in" may have for staying "in," the really vital point is why an entity, called a brotherhood, about which nobody outside knows anything, and about which nobody inside can tell anything that matters, is possessed of some peculiar quality, enabling it to attract to itself reasoning men, the majority of whom, of whatever walk of life, have sufficient horse sense to refuse to buy pigs in pokes—except in the case of freemasonry. Nazism, for instance, is nothing but officialized state freemasonry, adapted to a people which has always been prone to philosophize about pagan symbols. Fascism is quite different in this respect. Signor Mussolini's first act of real statesmanship was to conclude the Lateran Treaty with the Vatican, thereby reviving the time-honoured idea of church and state alliance, with the Holy Cross as its only symbol.

Of many famous men it is uncertain whether they were freemasons or not; but as to some, there is no doubt at all. We may, if we choose pass over musicians such as the profound thinker who gave to the world the immortal Ninth Symphony, or the youthful genius who left us "The Magic Flute." We may neglect poet-reformers, like Schiller

and Robert Burns, or metaphysical dabblers, like Goethe. We may refuse to pay too much attention to the fact that hard-headed self-seekers, like General "Old George" Monk, and rakish opportunists, like Mirabeau and Philippe Egalité, were as active in the craft as Lafayette. But we cannot pass over the fact that freemasonry could count among its adepts cynical monarchs, like Frederick the Great; unscrupulous border-raiders, like Kaiser Wilhelm I; political speculators, like Jean-Jacques Rousseau; social dreamers, like Körner; acute sneerers, like Voltaire; cynical exponents of the doctrine of *Realpolitik*, like Bismarck; and doughty old die-hards, like Marshal Vorwärts. These were all active Freemasons, each with his own highly individual outlook on life: and the fact that all of them found in freemasonry some common bond, which linked them to the craft, is of some significance. On all points they differed: in character, tastes, ethical views, moral principles, religious outlook, national aims, and personal ambitions—in fact, in their general philosophy of life. For such men, who by temperament and outlook were poles apart from each other, freemasonry could act as a clearing house for only one matter of interest, common to them all, viz., politics. Not doctrinal politics, and much less party politics; but political trends and political ends. That is the other aspect, perhaps the most important, which has to be considered in conjunction with the general problem of the why and wherefore of the craft, viz., what part do politics, in their wider, international sense, play in freemasonry, and to what extent, if at all, does freemasonry influence politics?

Thus to propound the political question in its larger, historical aspects is obviously to open the door to an immense number of controversial issues, which cannot be satisfactorily dealt with in any summary way. On the other hand, there is some advantage in such treatment; for the thousands of books written on the subject of freemasonry have done nothing but obscure the main issue, which is to discover the why and wherefore of the craft, and not (in the first instance) whether its influence is good or bad.

II

Our investigations need not take us back as far as the king of Tyre, or to his master-builder, the other Hiram; much less to the Egyptians. We shall do better to confine ourselves to the Christian era.

Now, the most constant factor of all our Western civilization, right down to modern times, has been theocracy. The finest and firmest exponent of theocracy as the essence of statecraft has been the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever its opponents may say, it is to the Catholic and Apostolic Church that we owe the advancement of learning. We need not be believers in the doctrine of the apostolic succession, in order to admit that. It is true that the Church of Rome had, or made (according to the point of view) a monopoly of learning, as long as it could so so. But throughout the centuries Rome held fast to the conception of the world as a Kosmos, and to the idea that humanity had to be fitted into that general scheme of orderliness, if it were not to relapse into chaos. The Roman Church therefore set itself to organize a hierarchy, and under it to regulate man's social relations as well as his spiritual aspirations. The very sacraments were ordained for the purpose of maintaining law and order. They were Rome's reply to the peculiar craving in mankind for the occult.

Some modern psychologists seem to think that a new discovery had been made, when complexes and psychoanalysis became household words. But Rome had long since instituted the confessional as its normal remedy for human introspection, for self-communing which might, it argued, lead to theocracy, or, even worse, to occultism. The child has a natural tendency to be centripetal, and unchecked man tends to be no better than a Simon Tappertit admiring the calves of his own legs, trying to meet an innate craving for the esoteric by toying with passwords, and indulging a passion for mystery by searching for hidden meanings, and at times erotic satisfaction, in such commonplace things as boots, jewels, bridges, acacias, and gloves.

The whole of history is full of occultism, for the simple reason that the craving for the mysterious is inborn in mankind. No further proof of this is required than the

"initiation" ceremonies, common in every public and private school, and jealously handed down as their own secret tradition among the boys. Rome went all the way to meet that craving, by instituting catechism, confession and Communion for the child, at as early an age as possible. But, like other human institutions, the Church had the defects of its qualities. It became static. It eventually had no other reply to the Deist and other rationalist tendencies, which preceded as well as followed the Renaissance, but to class them as heresies.

An early example will show how the Church acted towards secret societies. Philippe le Bel charged the Templars, in 1307, both with heresy and with "authorizing unnatural vice." No doubt, an empty treasury made him want to get their wealth into his hands. Most motives are mixed, especially in statecraft. But the fourth Philippe was also a statesman of no mean order, and he saw the danger of allowing a State to exist within a State. He determined to destroy the Templars. But they were, apart from other considerations, the Pope's bankers, and enjoyed his protection. Nevertheless, the Pope suppressed their order, five years later. If he did so, it was because he had convinced himself that there was ground for the charges brought against them of (at the best) occultism, and (at the worst) Satanism, with unnatural vice as the sinister bridge between the two. But the static conception of Roman ritual as all-sufficing for mankind's occult tendencies was no longer, in fact, sufficient for the times. With the rapid advancement of learning hammering at its very walls, Rome was threatened with static ataxia.

Some freemasons of to-day claim to be the lineal descendants of the Templars: others consider the latter as prototypes. Both views are immaterial. What matters is that rationalistic man began to find Church ritual insignificant, and Church sacraments meaningless, whether Roman or borrowed from Rome. Man thought them well enough for the "women and children"; but they gradually had less and less place in his own intimate conception of life on this earth, even though they might furnish a last-minute "Open Sesame" to heaven. It is true that Church and State still

continued to form the dual conception, among the ruling and more favoured classes, of constituted authority, and nowhere more so than in England after the Reformation. But the evolution of the doctrine of the divine right of kings to the conception of the divine rights of democracy proceeded rapidly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The spirit of opposition to constituted authority grew apace, more especially in countries in which the Roman Church was still predominant in politics. Occult sects and secret societies became less religious than political in their aims. Their common, international rallying ground was that free-born man was treated as a slave, and that monarchy-cum-Church was the enslaver. The rule of kings must be overthrown. The direct attack was against monarchs, as such. But the real goal (unknown to the dupes, i.e., the majority in secret societies) was to dethrone theocracy. We may note that the bloody and bitter strife that is to-day convulsing Spain is an anachronistic example of this struggle against theocracy, in the one country where theocracy has been unbrokenly perpetuated until the day-before-yesterday.

In the earlier days of the Church, there had been scores of heresies, from the time of Simon Magus in the first century onwards. But, as purely doctrinal heresies, they had not threatened the foundations of the Church. They were condemned as heresies; but appeared rather in the guise of gargoyles on the great Church edifice itself. From the Renaissance onwards, however (and even earlier, as was instanced in the case of the Templars), heresy assumed a new shape in the eyes of Rome. It was no longer just a domestic gargoyle, but a deadly dragon breathing the hell-fire of occultism, with which Protestantism was allied through the new conception of politics. That was how Rome saw it; and she set about strengthening the bonds between Church and State. Rome was fully aware of the impending danger to theocracy, as is proved by the prolonged efforts she made to prevent Martin Luther from seceding from the Mother Church. But events are stronger than men. Had it not been for the fact that the political world of that time was ripe for a change of some sort, it is unlikely that Luther

(in spite of the parlous condition of the papal see at that moment) would have effected the unbridgeable and profound schism that ensued in the Church, merely by affixing to the door of the electoral chapel at Wittenberg his famous ninety-five propositions on indulgences, on 31st October, 1517. But the backing of greedy German princelings, avid for plunder at a time when their coffers were empty, made of Luther's doubts a National German movement, while the depreciation of the purchasing power of money, by the influx of gold and other treasures from the recently discovered New World, made all classes restless throughout Europe—thus supplying to prince and peasant alike the motive power of material advantages to be gained from secession from Rome.

Some freemasons, as we have seen, claim filiation from the Templars: but the most they can claim is affinity. For there is a gap of at least two centuries between the end of the Templar influence and the beginning of freemasonry. What we may say is that there is a long gap between the existence, inside the Church, of an organized religio-political body like the Templars, and the first modern political organization, outside the Church, on pseudo-religious lines, such as freemasonry. There are no historical grounds for asserting that there was any actual link between these two organizations over two centuries. But what did exist was something which was not only operative in the intervening gap, but extremely active both before and after it: the Cabbalah.

III

The Cabbalah is nothing but Jewish freemasonry; and it still exists. The majority of Jews (on the analogy of Christians) were content to leave the Talmud for their rabbis and "women and children," while they themselves, as Oriental opportunists in a world of Western theocracy, saw that world domination was theirs, if only they could control the course of the River of Gold. Not theirs to side with this king against that emperor in insignificant matters like changing the map by military conquest. Not theirs to wax indignant at the sale of paltry things like indulgences or to become enthusiasts over any ideas about the political

emancipation of man. Their religious tenets were static. More, they were actually dead; for the Talmud brings the spiritual aspirations of the Jew up against a solid wall of law, not only religious, but civil. Against that solid block of "Thou shalt not," the spiritual aspirations of the Jews might, and did, beat their wings in vain. His very religion turned the Jew into a materialist, while his human trend towards occultism perforce drew him to Cabbalism. With an arid religious philosophy (in which, even as a religion, the only oasis was the mirage of a terrestrial Messiah), the Jewish faith not only allowed, but impelled, the Jews to take a fundamentally materialist view of life. Their sole pre-occupation, in which they saw the only chance of the material salvation of their race, was to control the world's products and the fruit of men's labour, by controlling the means of exchange of such wealth. The Jew is no builder, even of temples. Even Solomon had to borrow Hiram Abiff from Tyre! But, even in the larger sense, he is not a producer, or originator. He is, *par excellence*, a "Makler" — profit-broker, handling other men's labour to his own advantage. At the moment, for instance, there are only 2,000 Jews in Japan; but there will be ten times that number, directly that nation becomes a really important commercial power in the world. Jewish statistics will show that Jewish population is always proportionately greater in the great producing countries, though the Jew never works on the land. Argentina, for instance, is a great grain and meat producing country; its population is some 13,000,000, of whom no fewer than 240,000 are Jews. Brazil is only potentially a great producing country, and there are only 45,000 Jews in her population of 50,000,000 inhabitants.

The Jewish religion is a contractual one, to which Jehovah is bound, in the Jewish conception, as much as the Jew. If they kept the law, Jehovah on his side would bless them, not in the next world, but (as in Job's classical case) in this one. That was the contract. Therefore, by keeping single-mindedly to the pursuit of worldly gain, Jews were inside the terms of the contract, and sure of the blessing of Jehovah. When a man knows what he wants, he is half-

way to getting it. The Jews became, by force of circumstances, crafty opportunists. " All places of the earth are alike to them." Money is always money, whatever the country, and can be used for the exchange of real wealth; for the Jew does not confuse mere money with wealth. In history, he has always backed the winning side. To take a purely domestic instance. He backed Cromwell against Charles I; supported Charles's son against Cromwell's son; and helped William of Orange against Charles II's brother!

It is needless to trace the obvious affinity between the Cabbalah and freemasonry. Both are occultist; both are pseudo-religious. Both are secret societies. Signs, portents and symbols are common to both. But there is a difference. For the Jew, political influence and worldly honours are merely a means to an end, viz., wealth and the domination of wealth, which control of the means of exchange gives. Freemasonry, by sweeping into its fold all the secret societies, all the subterranean malcontents, and all the anti-theocratic tendencies left over from the fifteenth century, gave in return a vast political organization, directed against the theocratic conception, and financed by the Cabbalists, with which it was allied. The Jew found the door ajar to Freemasonry. He pushed it open and entered. His own Cabbalah he kept to himself, securely locked. No Gentile could have come in, even had the idea occurred to him.

Freemasonry (and from the sixteenth century the Cabbalah must always be considered as one of its weightiest components) claims to have organized the French Revolution. But that is not quite true. Freemasonry's aims are political: that is the difference referred to above between the Cabbalah and freemasonry. But freemasonry itself is merely the pseudo-religious flummery, which supplies the craving for the occult to men (even Churchmen), for whom Church sacraments have no real significance. The great attraction for those " outside " is that, by entering, they will participate in portentous secrets in the bosom of what they can see is a prodigious organization. For the neophyte, after the mumbo-jumbo of initiation, there is the hope of

advancing by stages to the gnostic stage. Meanwhile, there are the mystic meanings of a whole heap of things to keep him happy: aprons, jewels, white-and-blue-and-gold decorations, and images of hammers and the sun; and he can also amuse himself by wrestling with the symbolic significance of hats and table-napkins, chains, ladders, the cabbalistic pillars of the Temple, and seven-branched candelabra, to say nothing of the esoteric joys to be found in plumb-lines and set squares.

But freemasons, when they talk of the Architect of the Universe and the Brotherhood of Man are, as in all their other "rites," merely aping religion. They are senselessly repeating the *Om mani padme hum* of a Tibetan Buddhist prayer-wheel. Freemasonry is a vast organization, which was indeed a powerfully active instrument in the French Revolution, as it continues to be in France and in every other Western country to-day. In his brochure, *Alerte aux Français*, published at the beginning of August, M. André Tardieu refers to the "wire-pullers" in French politics by saying: *Hier, les tireurs de ficelles, embusqués dans les comités radicaux et les loges maçonniques, menaient le pays, en occupant les places* . . . . But who directs the wire-pullers? That is the important question. The kings and princes (who were either afraid of freemasonry or thought they could use it); the Bismarcks (who tried to use it); the Voltaires (who knew how to use it); the Church dignitaries and the dukes and counts, the industrial magnates and the merchant princes (who are used by it)—all the known freemasons, as well as the millions of nonentities who like wearing symbolic aprons, are just as much puppets to some hidden wire-pullers, as were Louis XVI in Paris, the Archduke Ferdinand at Serajevo, and King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia at Marseilles.

The position of freemasonry in England, since 1717, is a special one: it presents quite different aspects from Continental freemasonry. From 1737 to 1907, sixteen English princes of royal blood joined the brotherhood. It gradually became a respectable upper- and middle-class club. Grand Lodge refuses to have any truck with its "brothers" on the Continent, because they went in for

politics. How virtuous! But, judged by the history of freemasonry, how absurd! Examined, however, from the ordinary gold standards which influence men here on earth, the English attitude is logical. The importation of Hanoverian government into England in the eighteenth century had made this country the ideal home of stable government, whereby London's position as the international money-market, for which its geographical position so admirably suited it, was secure. Whereupon the Cabbalist became a declared freemason—which ensured respectability and social standing.

It is those who sit *behind* freemasonry who control the River of Gold, directing its course and deflecting its stream, silently and unobtrusively. In England, freemason influence merely extends to domestic politics, trade and civil government—" jobs for pals." It is limited to those fields, because that is all the wire-pullers require of English freemasonry—for the moment. On the Continent, there are still other fish to fry. Theocracy has been replaced by various forms of government in the last century, and these in turn have not yet emerged from the fluid state into definite concrete forms, except temporarily. Through all these changes, the Watchers by the River of Gold stand, silent, single-minded, and purposeful. Jewish gold was behind the Templars in the first real bid against theocracy. It was behind the princes of the Renaissance period to undermine the power of Rome. It is behind every movement, right down to to-day, which fights against the political predomination of any church party, or state party, or any combination of both which might diminish the power of gold-control in international dealings.

The flummery of Freemasonry is its strength and its appeal, in a sceptical world for men, to whom the message of the churches is dim and unconvincing, even when it runs riot in the Press. Freemasonry can be used. It is being used, though the gnostics are the last people to know anything about it. Freemasonry is a valuable weapon, in the hands of those who know how to use it. Theocracy has long since ceased to be a danger to the free flow of the River of Gold. Other forms of government are. Democracy might

be, in some of its forms. Freemasonry therefore remains as the apt instrument, whereby, while Democracy strives in bloody sweat to gain its freedom and save its own soul, the flow of gold shall still remain controlled only by those who have, for centuries, acquired the experience of controlling it. And, when Democracy wins its battle, freemasonry is there to be used (by those who know how) as the ideal means, whereby Democracy may be stabilized in the directing of its political doctrines. But only on one condition. Democracy must never attempt to control the River of Gold. Freemasonry is there, quite unconscious of the fact, to prevent that.

Masonic symbols are a carnival mask, admirably suited to keep masons together and give them a pleasing sense of their own importance. But freemasonry may be discarded in the years to come, if it outgrows its utility to the Watchers. What are a few years ? The Templars (the Pope's bankers) were charged in 1307. Their order was dissolved in 1312. It only took five years !

The fact is that freemasonry should not be taken too seriously, even by freemasons, and certainly not by the uninitiated. What Democracy has to keep its eye on, if it can ever find them, are the wire-pullers *behind* freemasonry. They can be found, if only people will look and look, and go on looking. There is one golden clue that should lead to some interesting discoveries. The Cabbalah still exists. It is older than freemasonry, or the Templars, or the Vehmgericht, or even Rome itself. It is older than Christianity.

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Dispossessed

By Dorothy Crisp

STARTLED, I halted before a shop window in West Street, a poor district of Leeds. The window was well stocked with a display almost as miscellaneous as that of a village post office, and despite the obvious poverty of the neighbourhood there was an undefinable air of prosperity about the place, hard-won, perhaps, but undeniable.

In the window, side by side, there hung two notices:

1914-1918 YOUR COUNTRY WANTS YOU.	1935 JUBILEE YEAR GET OUT WE WANT YOUR LAND.

From the first notice, giving final point to a bitter, injustice, hung the war medals of the shopkeeper.

I had learned of many cases of complete ruin brought about by the slum clearance schemes of which England is so proud. I knew of more than one which had ended in the suicide of the dispossessed owner, but this simple statement of a bitter case had a force of protest lacking from the stunned despair so usually found. The action of making and displaying the notices was that of a man who had fought determinedly all his life, and who would even fight when attacked by the overwhelming power of the law, a law, moreover, which denied him recourse to any court of justice.

This is the story behind the two notices, as the shopkeeper told it early in August, 1935.

" About a week ago," he said, " I got the final notice that the property was scheduled for demolition and that the corporation were in a position to give me notice at any time to get out. So I made these two notices and put them up just to call attention to what, to my mind, is nothing more or less than barefaced robbery, because I understand that all I shall get will be site value.

" I joined up when I was twenty-one. I was a 1914–15 man. In other words, I enlisted voluntarily. After four years in the Army—two and a half of them on active service—I was discharged on Peace Day, 1919. With what

I had saved in the Army I bought this business, and four or five years ago, with the help of a mortgage, I bought the property. That mortgage is not yet paid off. After fifteen years hard work—and shopkeeping on your own in a place like this is hard work—and with a wife and three children, the eldest nine, I am faced with the position of having to clear out with no more than I shall get for the site value—perhaps twenty-five pounds, and with the mortgage liability still to discharge. People can call it what they like, but I call it robbing my children of their birthright.

" Then there's another glaring hardship. My shop is one of a block of seven, as you see, and they are all to come down. Except in one other case, the houses above the shops are let off as business premises and workrooms and one thing or another, and because of this the landlords, I understand, will get market value for their property. But because I have the misfortune to live over my shop I only get site value. But it doesn't need much stretch of imagination to see that my upstairs rooms must be in better condition than neighbouring rooms let out as workshops.

" As a matter of fact, I have spent the best part of a hundred pounds in improving the property since I bought it.

" Twice the house and shop have been reassessed since I took possession, and I am paying just twice as much in rates as I did in 1920. In other words, it was valuable property when the corporation wanted to make it so to suit their own ends, but now, when they want to suit their own ends again, it is worth nothing but the value of the land it stands on. And that's what they call justice.

" Then, as a sort of sop, they ask you, when they give you your final notice, if you would like to have your name on the list for a shop on one of the new housing estates. Now, how in the world can you think of taking a shop on a new estate when you have just been robbed of most of your life's savings, and you still have a mortgage to pay off? You can't start a business in a new district with nothing. Besides, the Socialist parson who's pushing this business of slum clearance in this city on as hard as he can,

says that the days of the small shopkeeper are numbered and that the co-operative societies and large stores will cater for everybody.

" I'm not suggesting mine is an isolated case. It isn't. There are many others in just as hopeless a position, and all you can do is grin and bear it.

" But it isn't common justice all the same."

I do not know what became of this man. An ex-R.A.F. officer, who had bought property in Lancashire and suffered an identical experience, hanged himself. A week before the time of writing there was an inquest in London on a man of seventy-four who had killed himself, after months of depression, because his small business was to be destroyed. The coroner recorded a verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind, but was it an act of insanity, or the grim logical consequence of an Act of Parliament ? A thrifty miner in Leeds bought seven houses in Richmond Row. He paid £1,800 for them in 1933, paying with his life's savings and a mortgage loan of £500. The houses had gardens. They had a kitchen and sittingroom on the ground floor and two or three bedrooms. The windows were large. The nearest building in front of them was at a distance of 96 feet, and at the back was 43 feet away.

In 1934 Richmond Row was scheduled as slum property, to be confiscated at site value only. The miner was in weak health and inevitably began to worry greatly about his position, for not only was he to lose his money. He was to be left to face a debt of £500 as well. The day after the inquiry into the case, he collapsed and died of cerebral hemorrhage.

For two years I have told many such stories, of which I have first-hand knowledge, to many persons, in the hope of arousing indignation and obtaining redress, but whether they are politicians or lawyers, ladies devoted to local government, or drawing-room meetings crowded with excellent intentions, the reply is invariably, " these are isolated cases. The few must suffer for the good of the many, and the slum clearance schemes are doing so much good." Indeed, anyone who questions this latter statement is certain to be looked upon as a villain who would " grind

the faces of the suffering poor," and whose chief delight is to prevent them from taking a bath! Nevertheless, one must insist, with all possible emphasis, that the cases of hardship consequent on the Housing Legislation of 1919 and later run into very many thousands, and that in very many ways the forcible removal of large sections of the population has already resulted in more harm than good.

There lies before me as I write a letter from a man who is shortly to lose his small inheritance. His concern, however, is not for himself but for his sister, an elderly widow. On the death of their aunt some eighteen months ago the two inherited a block of small houses, and on them they paid death duties. The value of the property for the purpose of assessing death duties ran into four figures. The property is now to be confiscated and torn down for the purpose of slum clearance, and the two will receive only site value, a possible £150. The man says that he himself will "still be able to manage," but his sister will be destitute and he cannot keep her.

I know of two elderly ladies whose trustee had invested all their small capital in cottage property. The property was confiscated. The ladies were faced with the workhouse. It has another name nowadays—but the change of name did nothing to mitigate the sufferings of the Misses Blank

Of course it seems incredible that such things could be and no great outcry be raised; yet it remains true that the changes under the slum clearance schemes can only be compared to the Enclosure Movement and that vast transfer of property known as the Dissolution of the Monastries. And there is no outcry because it is not the powerful who are attacked but the thrifty small owner; not the pampered, improvident "proletariat," the darling of post-war legislation, but the independent person who carries the burdens of the country and pays for the vagaries of the rest.

The general knowledge on the subject of slum clearance boils down to a vague idea that unpleasant Jews bought bad property, and either let it, room by room, at extortionate rents to poverty-stricken tenants, or sold it at extortionate prices to local councils rightly desirous of destroying it as unfit for human habitation.

It is not to be denied that such things have happened, both in London and provincial towns, but undue insistence upon the trafficking in outworn property obscures the true situation, above all in the North, and there can be no justification for the failure in the Housing Acts of 1930 and 1935 to meet the case of the thrifty owner of property which has been well maintained. Those Acts provide that property required to be destroyed under slum clearance schemes shall not be bought, but that the owners shall be given the value of the cleared site only, and *they entirely fail to give any definition of a slum dwelling.*

It is true that this phrase does not occur in the Acts, but it is commonly used by the politicians to describe property which may in fact be in good condition, even though situate in a slum area. It is further true that, upon a closing order for a single house, the owner may appeal to the County Court, and upon a clearance scheme to the Minister of Health. Small property owners, however, are deterred from going into court by the necessity, practically if not legally imposed upon them, of engaging solicitors and counsel to present their cases adequately, while they do not believe themselves likely to obtain justice from ministers who have been gaining political kudos from having carried through Parliament measures to put an end to slums. I know that Section 41 of the Act of 1925 empowers the Minister to award costs to an owner who appears at an inquiry, even though he lose his case, but the small owner does not realize this and, if he did, could not afford to take the risk. Further, I am aware of the substantial changes in the law effected by Section 62 of the Housing Act, 1935. Under that section an owner can obtain exclusion of his house from a clearance area, or market value of it, but the great point is this : in the North the accepted way to some measure of prosperity has long been the purchase of small property. "Bricks and mortar don't run away," was a very favourite saying, and the thrifty soul who had accumulated a hundred or two took it to a building society and, with the help of a mortgage, loan, bought a block of four or eight small houses, generally the one in which his or her own home was situated. I know

one very typical couple who saved so much in this way out of a tiny wage that they now pay income-tax and the husband has not worked for some years. Their children have married well and variously prospered. Two daughters come in their cars to see their parents, who still prefer to live in the three-roomed back-to-back house they have occupied for nearly fifty years. Their one great fear is that the law will turn them out of the home they love. Their outlook is a blank and grimy wall. They are surrounded by mean and ugly streets. There is not a blade of grass to be seen. Yet they love the place. It is incredible but it is true, and one wonders why a government which would risk losing an Empire because of its jealous care of the rights of peoples to self-government has suddenly forgotten so completely the rights of individuals at home.

For it is such people as these who are the sufferers under the slum clearance schemes, the people who have worked and saved; in short, the best type of citizen. That love of home to which our politicians are fond of referring is now being penalized and mocked, and for such people as these compensation, even at full market value as provided by the Act of 1935 (where houses are not in fact unfit), is no consolation for their loss of home.

One can tell the story of a corporation labourer who twelve years ago bought two back-to-back houses for £178. Except for a loan of £50 which has been since scrupulously repaid, the money came entirely out of the savings of the man and his wife. Since they bought the houses, they have been converted into one house and £46 has been expended on repairs. All this was done and their two children brought up out of the husband's wages of a shilling an hour. Then, in 1934, the blow fell. The corporation announced the confiscation of the property at site value. The loving labour of years was to vanish overnight. I do not overlook the fact that by Section 64 of the Housing Act, 1935, passed in the following year, these people might have obtained compensation up to three years rateable value, or might even have obtained full market value under Section 62, but mere monetary compensation does not meet the point. Again, Section 88 of the same Act empowers

local authorities to pay compassionate allowances to shopkeepers compelled to remove from a clearance area, or ruined by "clearance" of their customers. But of what value is this to the small shopkeeper, when the allowance is entirely at the discretion of local authorities such as that at Leeds where (as shown above) a deliberate policy was being followed in 1935, of eliminating independent shopkeepers in favour of the "co-op" and the chain-store? Nor is Leeds alone in its record. Late in April this year the *Evening Standard* reported the suicide of a shopkeeper threatened with the loss of his livelihood by a London slum clearance scheme, and on July 9, 1936, the *Daily Telegraph* contained the following account from the West: "'This tragedy is due in my opinion entirely to one thing—the despair created by the administration of the Slum Clearance Act.' Canon L. G. Mannering, of Bristol Cathedral, made this statement after an inquest at Bristol yesterday on William Broderick, 47, who was found gassed in his shop."

The sensation of horror, the blank despair of the victims cannot be described. They are unaccustomed to contact with the law. They have no family solicitors on whom to fall back. They have worked in pride and independence to be a burden to no man, but have rather become a stay to their country, and their reward is the abomination of desolation.

In some places it is actually the local councils who have acted the part of the Shylock of slumland. Last year a number of houses, the property of an old woman of my acquaintance whose only son was killed in France in 1917, were seized by the local authority on the pretext that they were unfit for human habitation. But, having seized them, the local authority did not immediately evict the tenants and destroy the houses. They allowed the tenants to remain and sent a corporation official to collect the rents, refusing to hand over any part of them to the dispossessed owner. This continued for many months. There are cases on record where it has been done over a period of years, and where houses which fell vacant have actually been relet by the local authority which has seized them.

"Unfit for human habitation" is a damning phrase.

"Slum" is a nasty word. And both are being used with a recklessness and injustice it would be hard indeed to equal. I have seen property, stoutly built, which could have been reconditioned to meet the most exacting modern requirements at no great expense, wantonly torn down, and I have heard the comments of the very people for whose sakes, theoretically at least, all this is being done. And their comments, to be given in a later article, introduce a note of laughter into this bitter story.

Threatened Beauty

By W. J. Blyton

One England there is which will never let us down if we do not despoil it—the England of fields, farms, woods, hills and moors : on the tested principle that "nature never did betray" those who value it. As a resource against ultimate disillusion, as a recuperative for mental and bodily workers, it is, especially just now, worth a particular defensive effort. "Squatting" has until recently been either furtive or aggressive on certain heaths and common lands ; villas and bungalows stand on landscapes once filled by older presences and sacred to the pheasant leading her young across quiet foot-tracks. Only a month or two ago a local authority awakened in time to prevent further building on the everlasting downs—beyond a certain height above sea level. As a countryman and a farmer, I feel that there is less to be said for this kind of piracy than for the old-time enclosures, which at least advanced agricultural practice and interfered with no beauty (though they did away with some peasant culture and independence).

Half of the coast of England will have to be given up, one fears, as a lost battle. Piers and fun fairs, promenades and marina drives, bathing pools, camp colonies, connecting tramways and so on have almost urbanized the eternal sea in their vicinity. But inland there remains a vast store of beauty worth vigorous measures of defence. The National Trust and the Society for the Preservation of Rural England are not enough : it must be the action of a people roused to what it is in danger of losing. By a masterpiece of unintelligence, ten per cent. of one shire adjoining London is swallowed annually by cheap suburbia—good agricultural land with generations of tilth and manurial value being heedlessly dug for foundations of "bijou residences" and multiple shops : so that Professor Stapledon supposes that within a century no farm will exist in a thirty- or forty-mile radius of London.

Private enterprise is a good servant but a bad master ; its unregulated zeal had for instance well nigh denuded tracts

of Britain of serviceable timber when the Forestry Commission came into being and began the uphill struggle of the reboisement of the country. I have visited some of the 900 vast "nurseries" and labour camps, and it has been good to see, since the havoc of war demands, how the Commission has gained in fifteen years control of a million acres of woodland, has planted 750 million trees (largely coniferous) for £420,000 a year; or well over 1,000 trees for £1. The effects on climate and general health are noticeable; drought is the inevitable sequel to denudation, as Calabria, St. Helena and eastern countries have found. A noted Finnish alienist once told of his clinics for homicidal maniacs of both sexes: they were on farms in forest clearings where a remarkable proportion recovered sanity. After the war, an English expert who had more to do with small holdings than most others said that many who applied were "violent revolutionaries" vowed to upset the existing social structure. "We settled all who were at all qualified," he said, "and without exception contact with the land turned them into balanced individualists, more or less contented." All sentiment apart, practical dealings with the earth have this effect; and we know that continuous city life has an entirely different one. Man is part of the fruits of the earth, and borrows his body from it: hence any divorce from it is unnatural. It is no old myth that man needs refuge from the complexities he has fashioned for himself, and like Antæus must touch earth to renew his strength. "Hiking" is a tentative approach to these pristine sources, away from over-population and over-stimulus. In the city, the annual vacation was never enough for me: in the country, working much harder and for longer hours, significantly I have not really missed such a holiday for years. So long as there are large green and quiet spaces where Nature is at work, so long will it be worth while to survive and procreate and hope: when these are displaced or contaminated, we shall in a quite literal sense have to shut up shop. With no country there would soon be no cities—because no energy or will to make them.

From "the Wen"—and how Cobbett would bristle could he see what London has swollen to now!—our brain-

workers instinctively retreat to reinstal their powers. In creative art, what is *not* in origin " provincial " ? Wells and Bennett fled into Essex ; Shaw into Herts ; Chesterton into Bucks ; Belloc's home is Sussex, as Kipling's was ; Bertrand Russell rusticates in Hampshire with his philosophy and his schoolchildren ; Prime Ministers apparently could not go on without Chequers (plus a Criccieth, Lossiemouth or Bewdley) ; Masefield is a countryman by preference ; Conrad hid away in Kent ; Sir Norman Angell runs a little farm, as does Dean Inge ; Compton MacKenzie seeks island solitude ; Brett Young is deliberately territorial in his backgrounds, just as Hardy was faithful to rural Wessex, an Meredith to the Surrey valleys like Samuel Butler and Mark Rutherford. Mary Webb was pure Shropshire ; R. H. Mottram and Doreen Wallace are East-Anglian ; Winifred Holtby, J. B. Priestley and Phyllis Bentley racy of Yorkshire. The list would extend to include inventors, statesmen, financiers, journalists, commanders. The more we evolve and refine, the greater the recoil to the broad simplicities.

Yet every decade, the area of this rest-cure is contracting. The arterial road, the by-pass, the petrol station, the electrical grid, the " country " club, and worst of all the speculative builder, eat like acid into holts and hursts, farmlands and pasture, till the Scholar Gipsy would " Fly our feverish contacts " still more if he revisited some of Oxford's environs, which have altered strangely even in the last eight years. No land—however poet-haunted or historied or endowed—is safe, outside public ownership or public-spirited private custody. Corporations too often preen themselves upon the size of their administrative areas, and upon the budgets necessitated by correcting ugliness with artificial amenities : having still to learn that to evict half-a-dozen hereditary producers and craftsmen from a homely, well-done farm in order to cut it into building lots is not progress, and may find a harsher term when English people look back on us fifty and eighty years hence.

Does a suggestion of the unpractical and the dilettante, however unjustly, cling to the effort to " preserve beauty " in Britain ? Then let it be given forthwith a more positive, utilitarian emphasis, that will enlist the practical and

aggressive. Let it, in fine, be made a campaign to consolidate our primary rural industry, food production, and its ancillary trades and crafts ; a visit to any market-town will show what capital is involved in these, to take no deeper view. Eugenically and economically more than we suspect centres round the farms, with their million and a half employers and employed, plus the families dependent upon them ; say five or six millions ; wholly apart from corn factors, tool and machine makers, veterinary surgeons, blacksmiths, dairy untensil manufacturers, cattle-cake makers, railway and sea carriers and the handlers in between ; and wholly apart too from the consuming demand represented by these. Here is a reserve of physique, health, natural rhythm and creative activity the year round. As Hardy in his latest diary said, the countryside produces the human staple which is " frizzled on the pavements of the towns." If at such a moment as this I may quote Mussolini, he gave me his views in a long talk some time ago on Rome, upon the central place of agriculture in a nation's policy—an account equally of the people's well-being and balance, of the soul, of the beauty of a country, of the elasticity of the State in any crisis, and of security in war and peace. The winning of the battle of the wheat and meat, he told me, must be precedent to any battle on land, sea or air ; and perhaps his success in this home field gave him and his advisers their surprising confidence in face of economic and financial boycott. Sanctions, it may be, in the future can only bring to their knees these communities which have committed their wealth to overseas' markets and whose larder is filled only from month to month via vulnerable channels. Thus, the ploughman at home is behind the armies, navies, and air fleets ; he is the primary munition maker. This truth may confront statesmen and the League in surprising form some day.

To defend this front, then, is probably the most direct and effective way of keeping the England which the most enlightened Englishmen have loved for centuries, the solid, right and utterly vital and permanent rustic England of arable, meadow and pasture which kept us before that dark moment of sudden (and chancy) wealth when the cities lost

all proportion to the landscape out of which they had grown, and swelled to elephantine and meaningless dimensions—housing as many people as in former ages had composed entire nations: an exceedingly precarious and temporary state of things as Disraeli, Carlyle and Froude pointed out even in the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century. For the lover of beauty will lose his battle if he has not hard and practical argument with which to reinforce his ideal passion.

The weapon of Usefulness must be snatched from the shortsighted utilitarian, from the ribbon developer, the sports syndicate, and Jerry & Co., builders. It would be as easy for Parliament, county and borough councils to impose building limits as it is to enforce opening-time and closing-time hours and speed limits; and far more vital. Meanwhile, the real beauty of England—which is based, as always, on usefulness, and work, and production in concert with Nature—would be preserved and insured. The æsthetic appeal of good farms is real; one of the most precious elements of this land, even to the artist, the stroller and the visitor. In the most poetic part of his most poetic play, Shakespeare looks at England's secret:

> thy rich leas
> Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;
> Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
> And flat meads thatched with clover, them to keep . . .
> thy pole-clipt vineyard;
> And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
> Where thou thyself dost air.

That, briefly, is the substance of the Britain we need to keep, and will spoil at our peril; keep, not as a reminiscence in Shakespeare, "L'Allegro," Cobbett or Hudson, but in physical fact. Fields brilliant with swede, mangel, turnip and kale are safety as well as an Academy picture; acres of barley clothing the wold to the sky-edge, of wheat and oats and rye are poetry no less than national insurance; beef and dairy cattle are health and contact with Nature, as well as an idyll to the eye; pigs and potatoes and cabbages may yet beat formidable enemies of Britain, quite apart from finding masses of employment and wages.

Let us be quite sure that we conserve an England which is going always to be *worth* gas-mask drills and all the technique of defence and counter-attack ; what the young men of the last war went out to defend—and what they will have in mind in the next war—is not an England of streets, anonymous crowds, anxious urban and office life, noisy works and street crossings ; but the fragments of England they happen to have seen on holidays : orchards where no sound is, but that of apples falling in the autumn night, the brown corduroy of ploughlands with larksong above, " field smells known in infancy " as Shelley puts it, or Tennyson's " long grey fields at night." They knew what Wolfe meant at Quebec when, hearing Gray's country elegy, he said he would rather have written that than have taken the Heights and Canada from Montcalm. Sorley and Rupert Brooke are there to prove it, with their trench nostalgia for the Marlborough Downs and Grantchester ; much as the regiments dreamed over Scott's verses in the Crimea, or the Officers read "Guy and Pauline" on Gallipoli. In other words, England should be protected, in time, from others than the foreigner ; or else the insidious thought may occur to those of whom the final sacrifice is asked, that in the foeman's country they take all care of what is lovely and of good report, while we let our heritage be slovened away.

The Evacuation of Suvla and Anzac

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

The Setting of the Scene

DURING December, 1915, the drama and tragedy of the Gallipoli venture was drawing to its inevitable close, and on the 20th of that month the Suvla Bay and Anzac fronts were entirely evacuated without loss, and the unbelievable had come to pass! On the 21st of January, 1916, thus the *Vossiche Zeitung: "The British evacuation of the Ari Burnu, and Ana fronts (Suvla and Anzac) will stand before all strategists of retreat as a hitherto quite unattainable masterpiece."*

And this is the story of it, a story which I am able to tell because I was president of the small committee that drew up the scheme, and Quartermaster General of the Dardanelles Army when the order came to put the plans into operation. Those last days of the movement were quite the most dramatic I have ever spent.

Let us for the moment envisage the situation. It will be remembered how the first two landings of imperishable memory, at Cape Helles and Anzac Cove, landings of astounding gallantry and endeavour, had produced little more than a hanging on by the eyelids. Great forces that could make no progress, were clinging to hills and cliffs, and being fed from a storm-swept beach, as it might be beneath those of Hastings or Fairlight. Such piers as could be made were swept away by the next storm, and that was fairly often, and even in summer there was one day a week when stores could not be landed.

Then had come the Suvla Bay landing, making a third separate base to cater for. That landing was admirably conceived, and had Lord Kitchener been able to send us better instruments should have met with considerable success. The G.H.Q. plan, the hiding of the ocean transports at misleading rendezvous, and the mechanism of a surprise landing were well conceived and effective. In fact a staff officer from G.H.Q. next morning described the

scene on the shores as like Bank Holiday on Brighton Beach, which was not what was wanted. This third landing after much belated endeavour and gallantry and the expending of a final total of six new divisions, ended in an *empasse* as bad as that on the other fronts. The discovery had been made, which the artillery knew already, that the great naval salvos from their flat trajectory guns against trenches high above them while blowing rocks and dust so high that the world seemed to be coming to an end, did very little harm to the defenders. There was no one to blame save the map strategists, but so it was.

In July of that year it had become apparent that the growing chaos at Mudros called for the organization of an efficient line of communications, and Sir Edward Altham was hurried out, with myself as his principal staff officer. We were in time to get ready for the new landing and to implement the excellent plans of Sir Ian Hamilton. But as things began to go wrong and we found ourselves dealing with enormous masses of wounded, with very inadequate establishments for the job, and saw division on division coming from home only to be absorbed in the failure, the conclusion reluctantly grew in our minds, that evacuation was sooner or later inevitable. Thus my mind was very soon turned to the study of that problem. It was obvious to us that the winter being on us, landings would soon be impossible. Sir Charles Monro was sent to report, and his trained tactical eye, saw that we must evacuate before winter, and he was good enough to ask my opinion as to feasibility. I told him that I had thought of it constantly and considered it possible without great loss. He advised the Government accordingly. Then Lord Kitchener hurried out, was amazed at the true positions of the troops and all they had done, but said that he refused to sign orders for evacuation which must mean heavy loss and imprisonment for large numbers. The Naval Commander-in-Chief said that we must lose thirty to forty per cent. It was perhaps not unnatural that a Cabinet such as ours then was could not decide. And all the while the sands of fine weather were running out.

The last week in November was extremely sultry, and

Nature decided to take a hand. This is how she did it. On the 26th of November came a tropical downpour. The trenches were filled, the Turkish dead were washed down on us from their graves, the troops were soaked and the dug-outs drowned out. On the Balkans this tropical rain fell as snow. Then the wind turned north and blew on us direct from the new-riven snow. The wet troops in their flooded dug-outs were still in their summer drill, their bales of winter clothing still in the regimental dumps. The trenches froze, the wetted sentries stiffened to death. In tents and dug-outs buckets of water froze through. Three hundred men died from cold; 16,000 were evacuated. The enemy high up on the hills felt the cold, but were dry in their dug-outs.

This at last seemed to settle a halting Cabinet, added to Mr. Bonar Law's pungent note to his colleagues referring to the New Small War Cabinet that had received from its military advisers a recommendation for evacuation.

"Their recommendation was brought before the Cabinet with the result that, on a matter in regard to which delay must be dangerous and may be fatal, *no decision has been reached.* I hope that my colleagues will agree with me that war cannot be carried to a successful issue by methods such as these."

Well done, Mr. Bonar Law! That was 4th December and on 7th December came orders to evacuate Suvla and Anzac and retain Helles for a while.

The Plan of Evacuation

THE great storm had one more disastrous effect. All the smaller craft in use had a base in Kephalos Bay on the Headquarter Island of Imbros. The vessels would be hurried to the south of the island if a storm was expected. But on this occasion so sudden was the change that most of the small craft, tugs, barges, lighters, &c., were wrecked or at any rate blown high on the shore. A harbour of refuge was essential. The only way was to sink a large cargo vessel—"put her down" was the phrase—and thus make a huge breakwater in the bay. The only vessel available was a new one of some 8,000 tons. Down she went her nose on the

shore, her old skipper protesting. The crew were removed, but the captain remained on his bridge and cabin which were above water. Under her lee, the small craft nestled in safety like chickens under a rooster. So that trouble was settled.

The actual plan of evacuation was framed to show three separate blocks of movement or phases, the succeeding phase not being ordered till the preceding was complete, which prevents overlapping and telescoping, due to any mishaps, which, as a piece of staff mechanism, should be noted. The planning committee had been told that the whole force shorn of impedimenta must remain to the end save two of the thirteen British divisions, two-thirds of the British Artillery and all the French, who would go off at the preliminary stage. The total to be removed were to be:

From Helles 35,000 men and 80 guns
„ Anzac 40,000 men and 74 guns
„ Suvla 49,000 men and 56 guns.

This meant 32,000 men could go in the preliminary stage, but that 73,000 men must remain and be brought away at high pressure. The final decision to hang on at Helles merely cut out that move for the moment, and of course meant less strain for the Navy.

The three phases of the plan were :

(*a*) *Preliminary*
(*b*) *Intermediate*
(*c*) *Final.*

The *Preliminary* stage was to be of indefinite duration during which troops, animals and stores not required for a defensive winter campaign should go. This stage was to be spoken of as a " transfer to Salonika," where one division had already gone.

The *Intermediate* stage would be that when troops not essential for the tactical withdrawal would go. This was estimated to require four days, and would be at night.

The *Final* stage would be the actual tactical withdrawing of the unencumbered fighting troops, who might, if need be, abandon one-third of their guns.

The working by independent blocks would allow of an enforced standstill due to bad weather, disastrous though

that would be. It was further postulated that the evacuating small craft must largely be cleared at sea into transports, and troops sent straight to Egypt, as there would be neither time nor facilities to land them at the base at Mudros.

That in outline was the main principle of the scheme, which once set in motion by G.H.Q. would largely depend for its success on the good detail of the staff at the beaches and by the Naval machinery and craft allotted for each part.

There is no need here to elaborate the story further, and we may proceed to the intensely dramatic working of the movement.

The Midnight Flit

BETWEEN the time of Sir Charles Munro's wise recommendation that the force must come away before the winter storms, and could not be successful where it was, and the actual belated decision, part of the preliminary stage had been put into operation, and any thing redundant had been brought away. But *pari passu* with this we had perforce to hurry to land two months' reserve food lest the troops be caught, and much reserve ammunition, an embarrassing situation, that meant landing and removing at the same time. It had this advantage that while troop movements were done by night, stores were unloaded and loaded away both by day and night, which soothed enemy observers. It may also be mentioned, for the world soon forgets, that all the landing beaches were shell-swept and in full view of the Turks on the heights above. At any moment an access of hate would send whiffs of grape among the jetties. But the small fruiters that brought the stores over from Mudros, too small to be worth a submarine's torpedo, kept their derricks rising and falling, and which was empty and which was full did not seem to be noticeable.

As the French were staying at Helles with the British for the moment, they had not to be removed, and by 9th December the *Preliminary* stage was over, and the *Intermediate* commenced on the 10th. The derricks continued to rise and fall now full to the rising. From sunset to sunrise the military landing officers and their parties sweated and

shoved and lifted. To make it easier, on Anzac beach, Sergeant Osman from the big gun in the cliffs at Gaba Tepé would sling a handful of shrapnel down the shore, or at Suvla Bay a *rafale* from the heights above would send a message of goodwill among the workers on the beach, and all the while the work went steadily on, and the efficiency of the staff of the local formations was thrice fool-proof.

In our headquarters at Imbros we held our breaths and received each day the reports of what had been got away. Every day the troop-carriers, the *Margate* and *Isle of Man* packets, discharged their human cargoes into the transports at Mudros, or waited in the offing, only coming out to sea at night, and the stores into store ships which slipped ostensibly away to Salonika, but in reality to add to the jigsaw puzzle on the quays at Alexandria, so that the gossiping Mudros foreshore had little knowledge of the passing and flitting.

A small destroyer built for the Italians was at the disposal of the Staff, and would shimmy us over to the beaches ten miles to Anzac, a little more to Suvla or Helles, in a very few minutes so that we could consult with the corps staff at each place. To keep in touch with the Q staff and hear their troubles and grouses, both few enough, was essential. The Naval arrangements were keeping good time too, the corps commanders were confident and "on their perches," and their "Q" staff content. Each night Sir William Birdwood, now commanding the Dardanelles Army, sent re-assuring wires to the thrice anxious Sir Charles Monro, commanding the forces in the Mediterranean, and went by day to each beach in turn. The staffs kept their commanders quiet and gave them tidy little jobs to do, and occupy their minds while the machinery worked its well-oiled way.

By 19th December came the real crisis, we had according to programme completed taking away the 18,000 men of the *Preliminary* stage, and the two-thirds artillery of the *Intermediate* stage, and now nothing was left but the bare fighting troops who could be trusted to beat off the half-expected Turkish attack. For weeks we had started a routine night straffe, which would accustom the enemy to

business as usual and which should go with equal serenity on the last hectic nights. It ended sufficiently early for it to go on the last night and then for the guns to be hurried to the lighters. The troops had been kept happy by devising every sort of ingenious device for firing from rifles left in position after the men had gone, for lights to flash as usual, and booby traps galore for those who poked their nose into our deserted lines. Under the Turkish trench the Anzacs had driven a mine filled with all their mining high explosive to be fired sky high by wire as the last man embarked.

All seemed as usual. Every night the unsuspecting Turk looked down on the British below them, hanging on by their eyelids, and said to themselves " Aha ! my boys, my fair-haired Saxon Rayas ! You wait till the winter for January and February Pasha, as we put it across the Russians in the old time afore." On the night of the 19th half the fighting troops were to go with nothing but their marching selves, and go they did without a sound, while the routine straffe went on over their heads and the routine Turkish reply blared out. As the afternoon of the 19th wore on, great was the excitement in the corps and at Imbros. In the daylight nothing was out of place, not a sound or a sigh or a leaf stirring as shouldn't. The daily routine on the beaches seemed as it had been for weeks. The staff had their ears glued to the telephone cables ; at any moment the Turks might take an alarm and attack. We had faced the contingency and had left field ambulances and stores, and to the last moment personnel, for 2,000 wounded that we might have to abandon if we had to fight our way off. Then as dusk came, the transports and carriers, the tugs and the barges, the silent black beetles built to attack Cuxhoven, slipped out from Mudros and Kephalos Bay to their rendezvous. Nature was helping us, the sea was calm, as we flitted from beach to beach in our destroyer. We saw the usual guns blare out in the sky, and as the small hours drew nigh the craft slipped away with their burdens, troops, guns, mules, stores piled high on their decks in happy confusion.

The night before the last was safely over ! and in the

morning things looked as usual. The men were thinner in the trenches, the guns were fewer, but no one noticed it, all seemed active as usual, so excellent was the camouflage. Could it be possible that we should bilk the Bono Johnnies and get away scot-free? Hardly; and now was the crisis. A bare 10,000 men, the fittest and most active it was true, but a bare 10,000 on each beach before the masses of the Turks.

During the day-time of the 20th suppressed excitement prevailed, yet the craft on the beaches seemed normally at work. If the telephone rang at all we jumped! Two o'clock, all quiet, three o'clock, not a sound! Four o'clock, have some tea! Across the waters in the trenches the guards stood with their eyes skinned. All quiet! Five o'clock, get the vessels ready to slip across! Dusk had come again, the saviour dusk, and once again the craft crept out from their rendezvous at the allotted beaches and one more cut at the cake.

The moon was waning, but the last night was still bright. The sea was like glass—"If you don't help me, don't help the bar!" But we were being helped, almost for the first time since the start of the expedition. The stars in their courses were doing a bit for John Bull; a bright moon, a glassy sea and a light fog which did not hamper us, but made the whole sea invisible from the heights above.

The chief was in a small cruiser, and I and one of my staff slipped over in the little destroyer, and alternated between Anzac and Suvla. There was nothing now that we could do except pray. The great massif of Sari Bahr towered above us visible over the haze which lay low and close to the shore. As we crossed we saw the routine guns flare and light the heavens, as they had done at intervals for so many nights before, and we could see the answering flare of the unalarmed Turkish cannon. Nothing unusual yet. It was a ghostly scene on the water. The loaded small craft coming away from the beaches to the carriers and transports the latter now out in the open, were like the flit of ducks o'night on a lagoon . . . It was like punting off the Essex coast or on the Broads, cool but not cold, as the hours passed slowly in the come and go of ghostly hulls. How quiet the

vessels were ! Hardly a shout, and only now and then the boom of a megaphone. Now the craft came more thickly and more frequently. The storm troops were coming away ! . . . those who had held the trenches to the last, often within a hundred yards of the enemy. Not a hitch ! Oh, well done corps and divisional staff, and beach-masters all !

Then came four o'clock, the hour of least endeavour and the rum tot. Night was nearly over, no wounded ! The medical parties warned to remain behind were withdrawn.

High up in the hills above Anzac Cove lay the ammonal mine under the feet of the dozing Turk. Connected by wire it was to be fired by the Corps Commander as the last of covering party came off. With everything away, Sir Alexander Godley gave the sign, and we on the water saw a huge flash which lit up the whole sky behind the heights. Even the sea shook and the mountains seemed to hop.

Then such a terror seized the enemy ! The British were upon them ! and every gun and rifle broke out along the Anzac front, while we on the sea laughed long and contentedly. To our left at Suvla the last party there had slipped off without a sign or a shot, but firing a dump of abandoned stores as they left.

And that was the last of Suvla and Anzac, and nothing left to show the great endeavour and sacrifice. Nothing ? Well the silent dead in those six feet of Turkish soil that was for ever England, and on the other side of the account, the very heart torn out of the Ottoman Army. *Sic transit gloria mundi !*

A Life Worth Living

By Negley Farson

One of the things that an American notices most as he drives through England is the vast amount of possible farming land that is being put to no use. It may be charming, but if he is of a practical turn of mind he is then shocked to learn what an incredible amount of foodstuffs the British buy annually from abroad. When he understands what it means, he is again shocked when he sees the number of farm labourers' homes that are being turned into week-end cottages. He is further bewildered if he happens to visit a town, such as Ashford, on market-day, and sees the fine, sturdy quality of farming life. When he is told that foreign foods are so cheap it is not worth while to raise them in England he still cannot understand why it is that a Dane can sell bacon in London cheaper than a Reading farmer will sell a pig on the hoof—especially when he knows that a Danish farm worker gets paid a higher wage than a British farm labourer. He cannot understand why the Englishman cannot at least produce his own butter and eggs. Are the English so inefficient ?

As an American newspaper correspondent in London I was obliged to make a study of the alleged progress of planned-and protected British agriculture. In 1934 and 1935-6 I went back to survey another form of planned agriculture in the United States. The two problems, of course, have nothing in common as the Americans are trying to cope with over-production while the British are trying to correct something very much the reverse. Since 1919 I have made frequent trips through the farming districts of the Irish Free State. And in 1929 I was one of the two correspondents to write the first eye-witness accounts of the Soviets' collectivization of the land.

I cite these things because in all these widely divergent problems I have found one fault in common—farming was being looked upon too much as a mere means of making a living rather than as a mode of life.

This is vastly more important than it seems at first thought. Take the situation in the United States, as an

example. For years, the tendency over there has been towards the monster, mechanized farm. Whole townships in the middle west have been bought by the big farming companies and razed to the ground so that their gigantic combines could disappear across the horizon in a straight line. There are individual farms like the 100,000 acre Campbell farm in Montana. These have largely been due to the unequal battle in the United States between the agricultural middle west and the industrialized east. To cope with the industrialists—to be able to pay the disproportionate cost of farming machinery and all manufactured goods—the farmers have gone in for mass-production themselves. On the Campbell farm, for instance, it is said that one man can cultivate 112 acres. At the time of the Civil War in the United States it was said that a farmer and his family could till only twelve and a half acres. Looked at in this light of course the monster, mechanized farm is unchallengeably efficient. Looked at in another light, however, it will be seen that in the time of the Civil War, twelve and a half acres supported a farming family, whereas on the Campbell farm it takes 112 acres to give a living to one man. And he is a hired man.

It is undeniable, on such farms, that farming as a mode of life has passed away. So have eleven families. They stand among the 12,000,000 people now in the industrial unemployment lines. And with these people, it must be remembered, have gone their small farms. They may not be obvious, but they are the outstanding factor in the farming problem which President Roosevelt is now trying to solve. It has been said that his greatest farming problem is how to bring about a psychological change that will make people content, let alone eager, to remain on the farm. Expressed practically, this means that in order to put people back on the land he must first put a *life* for them back on the land—a life worth living.

To take an example nearer home ; the hopelessness has already been demonstrated of giving an unemployed Welshman a patch of land to scratch and then expecting him to live in a miner's cottage at nights. That's not life ; it is subterfuge. The Welshman knows it, and even despair

cannot make him put his full heart into his allotment. By the same line of reasoning, you cannot pit a genuine British farmer against Polish eggs, Siberian butter, Russian barley, Danish bacon and Argentine chilled beef—even if you do give him the ephemeral protection of a high tariff wall—unless you give him a genuinely contented life. A life worth living.

So far I have been negative. On the constructive side I would like to point out this: The difference between a Danish farmer and the British farmer is that the Dane is always thinking in terms of export—therefore of co-operation—while the British farmer, thinking in terms of a home market, still thinks as an individual. And there lies all the difference. All the foreign foods that are imported into England are produced by people who think in terms of export. I do not except the Russians, because one of the chief reasons for the Bolshevik collectivization of the land was so that they could get hold of the crops in mass quantities. And it is the Russian government, acting as a unit, which sells these foods abroad. You see now what the individual British farmer is up against—and this no doubt explains why a Danish farm worker can be paid more than an Englishman gets.

These foreign co-operative farmers are professionals. In comparison the individual British farmer must be ranked as an amateur. The answer to this is quite obvious: British farmers should be taught to think in terms of co-operation, in terms of export to their own home markets. And that is the outstanding thing that anyone studying British farming psychology cannot fail to notice—it simply is not done. Proof of this can be obtained from the laments of the produce merchants in Covent Garden; their chronic complaints about the uncertainty of supply and lack of standardization of British products; how apples will arrive in a barrel ranging in size from a melon to a walnut. And as an American correspondent, paying professional visits to the English towns on market day, I was repeatedly shocked by this fact: that the British, who both in war and peace I had always considered supreme among nations for team work, should be so suspicious and mutually distrustful of each other as farmers.

A Government scheme which merely provides a partial protective wall against foreign competition—and yet gives no co-operative organization to the British farmers inside it—is no answer to this problem. It is the photograph frame without the photograph. It is up to someone therefore to fill in this picture. We are just on the verge of a great truth these days ; and that is that the producers of most countries would be better off without their governments. If the British government has failed to convince the British farmers of the value of co-operation, then it must be done by other means. An inspired press seems waiting at hand. Protection will be merely a prop until the British farmers organize to exploit it. The whole weight of this powerful press should be directed towards the organization of British farming life. And up to date this press has been demanding that the Government gives what it cannot give—the spirit of co-operation among British farm producers.

Once they did begin to co-operate the British farmers would have a greater feeling of security about life—and farming, as a mode of life, might return to England.

The Machine on the Farm

By Ian Macpherson

WHEN one speaks about the mechanization of agriculture the majority of people, amongst whom one may even include the majority of farmers, think in terms of tractors and harvesters. That is, they observe only the glaring signs of the machine's triumph over the horse. I have spoken to farmers both in Scotland and England who said "Mechanization? No, there aren't many tractors in this district. Oh, the horse is holding its own, it's even coming back."

A truer picture of the revolution which has occurred in the country within recent years can be obtained from the country tradesman than from either casual observers or farmers. The farmer counts the tractors in the neighbourhood before he says whether farming is becoming mechanized. The blacksmith, to take an example of the country tradesman, has no such limited view. He says that farming is indeed becoming mechanized, that the horse has indeed been conquered, as his purse knows; but the mechanization and the victory have not occurred visibly in the fields. The revolution in farming affairs has happened on the roads which lead to the farms, on the routes connecting farms with their markets in the city.

The motor lorry it is which has brought about a gentle slow permanent alteration in agriculture. The smith knows that horses, though they still work on the farm itself, no longer come often to the smithy to be shod because they no longer haul farm produce to the station on hard metalled roads. The horse has retreated to the fields, and if the tractor assails it there, it does but follow up a conquest made by the motor lorry, the trailer, and the road-going tractor.

Of course it is not only horses, and blacksmiths their dependants, which are affected by the change. In the past Highland sheep farmers used to drive their lambs and cast ewes to the sales in October, and shepherds went slowly along the roads behind their flocks herding them either to the local sale-ring or to a railway-station where they were

put on trucks for Perth or Inverness or some such sales-centre. Again in the late autumn when the young sheep, the hogs as they are called in Scotland, required to go from their high summer pasture to the low arable ground to be wintered there, shepherds spent weeks making the journey with them. It was a lovely sight in those days to see a flock of sheep go down the valley, and halt at night at some stance where they fed in a rented field. When spring came the hogs returned by the same gentle pace as had taken them away. But the arrival of the motor car made droving impossible. If sheep were not actually killed by cars (and many were killed) the increasing speed and volume of traffic made the shortest journey long. Shepherds spent most of their time driving their sheep past cars, or allowing cars to pass through the flock. Dogs were killed, sheep were killed, motorists resented being held up, shepherds resented motorists' haste. And traffic still increased.

The engine which made droving impossible has now replaced the drover. Huge motor floats now travel from the low country into the Highlands, into the very fields where the sheep have been gathered; and there the sheep are picked up, and carried direct to their journey's end; poor brutes, they no longer make a pleasant sound and sight for country ears and eyes, but they are rushed away to the slaughterhouse as fast as can be.

And yet people would be very loathe to agree that sheep-farming has been mechanized. Certainly one does not see power-driven clipping machines on many Highland sheep-farms; but if one did they would be less important than the passage of droving. Motor transport had not only taken shepherds off the road, and horses off the road; it has done a more important thing by making the country an appendage of the town it serves with food. The farm is now linked so directly to the town that the town's affairs are more important to it than the local affairs which used, in less well transported days, to count for much. The huge transports which bring tons of feeding stuffs and manures to the farm, and fetch away wheat and oats, potatoes and milk, are very often owned by firms in fairly large towns; they use the town as their base; they have no link with the

country except that they travel there. They do not require local stations, and staffs, and agencies, as the railways did. Their arrival has been a contribution to the rationalization of farming, but they have rationalized it round the city, and they tend to make the control of farm materials and products centre in the city too.

Power-transport and power-farming are alike in this, that they require more capital than the farmer who has farmed on traditional lines can generally raise, which is probably one reason why prairie-farming, though it has proved profitable in a few cases, has not become general either in Scotland or England. Power-farming has many things to commend it besides the fact that it is proving profitable when small-farming is in distress. Farming with horse-power has proved to employ more labour than farming with horses. The Fordson estate at Boreham, and Mr. John Mackie's farm at the Bent in Kincardineshire have few similarities, but they are alike in this, that the land in them gives work to more men, at better wages, than it used to do, and than comparable areas in other parts do. These farms produce more than they used to, and though they require heavier capital outlay than horse-farms of the traditional sort, their overheads are less, and they pay. Anything which makes agriculture profitable just now should be an obvious boon. Probably the greatest advantage of the power-farm is implicit in our weather. The man who works horses on his land can work them only so long every day. But the tractor never wearies, the combine requires no hours of rest, all the good weather that our climate provides can be taken advantage of, and it is better to pay overtime than lose a good day in a bad year.

The advantages of the tractor-drawn implement over the horse-drawn implement are exactly those of the plough over over the spade ; the spade is a better tool than the plough for the cultivation of the land, the horse-drawn plough makes better work than the tractor-drawn plough ; it is more thorough and more flexible ; but our weather never gives time for good work ; our weather constantly urges haste which the machine supplies.

Of course the machine enters into farming life in many ways other than on the field and in the road. Oil engines have displaced the stationary and the travelling steam-mill for threshing; the mill-dam is no longer an essential on the farm; farmers bruise and kibble their own corn at home instead of sending it to the local miller; electric power drives the churn and the separator, the oilcake-crusher and the chaff-cutter; but these are domestic rather than agricultural alterations; they make no change in the manner of cultivation which is employed; they replace man-power or water-power or steam-power, and are conveniences to be entirely commended.

But to commend power-farming and power-transport is another matter. Road-transport does to a certain extent impoverish the country and make it more dependent on the town, firstly, because the lorries usually have a large town as their base, secondly, because their presence has a psychological effect on the farmer. The man whose milk is lifted at crack of day by a lorry is no longer careful about the local market for milk; the man who has potatoes to sell will scarcely break a lorry load to sell to his village neighbours. In the past, when the horse-carts went loaded to the station, it was easy to drop a bag of corn or potatoes here and there; now it is not so easy; now town vans may come back to the country with the same produce as left it, but not so fresh.

If the function of the country is to provide the cities with good food cheaply produced and rapidly delivered, then road-transport is a manifest boon. But if it is good that the country should preserve its sense of community, that its provision of food should begin with itself, then road-transport's virtues are at least debatable.

The virtues of power-farming are even more debatable. It requires more capital, and more area, than can be gained easily from farming or from single farms. Since it is in less danger of being unprofitable than the old way of farming, it is attractive to capital eager for investment. That capital is not likely to arrive in the form of mortgages as it has in Canada and the United States, but rather is there a danger (I say danger advisedly) that large corporations will provide

it. The Ford experiment at Boreham is magnificent as an experiment. It is magnificent as an example of what capital judiciously applied can do to increase the productivity of these islands. But it has great dangers. The history of great corporations, the history of mass production, even on the best profit-sharing lines, has not been so happy in the city as to encourage one to expect unallowed blessings from it in the country. The corporation which provides a large capital looks towards great markets; cares nothing for the country life it supplants, draws its profits into the city where it sits, and if it grows good food cheap, and makes a profit every year, the city enjoys the good food, the city takes the profits, the country is indeed an appendage, not only to the town, but also to big business. I am a countryman, my ancestors were peasants, and it revolts me to think that the country should ever be no more than a place where people work.

Power-farming necessitates artificial manures. It is not certain that these provide all the land needs to yield health-giving food. Our climate will save us from the fate of the middle-east of America, but there are little-regarded minerals, magnesium for instance, which animal-dung returns to the soil, but artificial manures do not. I know that the scanty natural grass of Highland glens produces sweeter milk than the artificial-manure-fed pastures of the south; turnips and potatoes grown from good manure please the palate better than the forced products of undunged fields. I do not decry artificial manures; but I doubt if they give all that is needed for good food. I am indeed of the opinion that power-farming bids fair to make the country a complete satellite of the town; the large method of prairie-farming wipes out villages, wipes out a tradition and a convention of life. If it can do no better than give us large quantities of cheap food in exchange, then I would rather see the country so impoverished that country people would address themselves to eating the food they grow, and we might eat country butter of decent quality in the depth of the country instead of sending our milk by lorry to town factories to be made into butter and cheese which motor-vans bring back again to the place of

their origin. I am sure that profit and speed are not in themselves sufficient to compensate us for ceasing to be country folk and for becoming city workers out on the farm. I should be very sorry to see Scottish farmers leaving a fortune of a quarter million or so pounds, as an English farmer did recently, if their prosperity entailed the wiping out of villages and the organization of country workers into nomad gangs of casual labourers, as his success did.

Finance: The Virus of 1929

By Collin Brooks

[It is with especial pleasure that we are able to announce that Mr. Collin Brooks, who speaks with unquestioned authority on matters of Finance, will contribute a monthly review of financial conditions.—Editor.]

THOSE to whom the study of current finance is more than a mere matter of pricking a price list with a pin are confronted at the moment with three incomprehensibles.

How long can the régime of cheap money last ?

Can gilt-edged and industrial securities sustain their present boom ?

Can Mr. Chamberlain hope to present a balanced Budget 1937–8 ?

"And these three incomprehensibles are not three incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible."

The three questions can best be answered—or an answer attempted—by approaching them obliquely, and asking: is the virus of 1929 again in the blood of the nation ?

We are certainly seeing the symptoms of 1928. Those symptoms are more openly discussed in private conversation and conference than in the public prints, and for a good reason. No responsible commentator on finance would desire to precipitate the catastrophe he dreads by wantonly alarming a mass of small investors. Equally, no informed student of finance to-day would count upon the traditional economic chain of cause and effect proving valid in our new circumstances. Elastic currencies; quotas; restriction schemes; British import duties; new political forms operating through economic media, such as barter arrangements—these have played havoc with the orthodox teachings. Of this the outstanding example has been the impotency of bank rates. Time was when a drain of gold or a flight from a particular currency could be checked with certainty by a rise in the bank rate. Within the past few years those nations which have applied such a check have found that their action has only been construed as a sign

of admitted weakness, and what seemed the brake pedal has turned out to be the accelerator. An even better but slightly more remote example was the experience of President Hoover with credit inflation. The customary and expected effects of credit inflation did not follow its use because the whole world, thanks largely to modern means of communication and modern democratic institutions, was aware of its operation from the first moment it was applied. The morbid psychology of the melancholia patient opposed and battled down the drug.

Fearing to alarm the masses and not daring to be dogmatic upon causation, the commentators have very rightly refrained from sounding any too vibrant an alarm. But the fact remains that as in 1928 we have a stock market suffering from chronic over-valuation, we have new issues that depend for their success not upon any sound economic promise of profit but upon the public desire to place money somewhere, and we have a frightening gap in our overseas trade which the invisible exports do not promise to bridge.

Unless the artificialities that have been created within the past decade or two—including Exchange Equalization Funds—can be applied more skilfully and more forcibly than seems probable, the home recovery in Britain and the betterment of world trade that should follow the gold-bloc devaluation are liable to end abruptly.

The paradox is that, ostensibly, neither cheap money nor a rising stock market displays any reasons for coming to an end at all.

Cheap money is the avowed policy of the Treasury, from motives too obvious and familiar to need rehearsal. The City of London is, therefore, no longer a free market. As some would prefer to phrase it, the City is no longer an honest and gracious lady, but the kept woman of Whitehall. The suitors are not admitted to her anteroom and asked to prove their merit by a choice of caskets, but—like the old Coalition candidates—have to secure a coupon, this with the superscriptions of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Norman, and countersigned by the Kennet committee. On presentation of that coupon the lady's favours are certain.

With a kept market, to which no foreigners are admitted,

the rising reservoir of investment funds must overflow into gilt-edged, at starvation yields, or the better industrials, at yields of the same famine quality.

That reservoir rises because an economic policy that negates all the Victorian canons must, for political reasons, continue to remain in operation.

While the State indulges in large central expenditure it increases enormously the velocity of the wage fund of the country. This means increased turnover, both in the industries that immediately benefit and in those attached to them. Increased turnover has its usual snowball effect, when people spend their increased increment, and causes a rising accumulation of thrift money when they do not.

When to the national stream of anxious home investment-money is added the force of the various streams of frightened money from abroad, the growing pool must continue to expand until a new outlet is permitted—or something bursts.

The reflex of cheap money in stock market prices is itself exaggerated by the general feeling that if a Government—is running about placing great orders for arms and housing, companies either providing arms and building materials, or providing food, clothes, tobacco, drink and amusement for the workers, must prosper.

It is generally said, and fairly widely believed, that there is no great speculative account on the London Stock Exchange. The belief may not be fallacious, but it is not well founded. The probability is that speculative buying in 1936 has been financed rather differently from speculative buying in 1928. To-day it is the joint-stock banker who probably finances his customer direct, without the intervention of brokers' loans. In the many discussions that I have had with a medley of men about the duration of the share boom, the view of one private banker—whose name, had I his permission, I would quote—strongly impressed me. He said: " The boom will end on no hard occasion. What will happen will be that some fine day a banker will suddenly realize that he is carrying too much of the wrong kind of overdraft. A whispering campaign will fill Lombard Street, and advances will be tightened. Then the recission will

come, quickly and unexpectedly. It might be this month, it may be next year. It will be purely psychological."

It is certainly unlikely that the general realization that most securities are grotesquely overvalued on earnings and assets will not someday have some such practical effect. The market has already discounted too much of the future of many companies on earnings : it will again remember, sooner or later, that even if earnings could justify shares changing hands at many hundreds per cent. premium over nominal value, the equity still plays some part in any assessment of investment value. But the bankers' psychology and the investors' care for equity are imponderables : they may not affect the position for a very long time to come. Confidence is a tricksy quean, affected not by actualities but by mood.

While the Treasury maintains its desire for cheap money, the stock market boom is likely to continue. But can the Treasury for long maintain that desire ?

The overseas trade figures and the Budget 1937–8 are likely to affect that desire seriously.

When on a month's trading the excess of imports over exports shows an increase well over 30 per cent. on the comparative month, and when on the first nine months of the year that excess is 29.5 per cent. higher than the comparative period, there is plenty of cause for worry. But all natural tendencies are to increase rather than diminish the gap. In basic industries like iron and steel no man seeks to enlarge his export trade, for it is so much easier and profitable to take Government contracts, or home orders resulting from such contracts. As the nation at large feels the stimulation of prosperity the inevitable tendency is to increase imports. The small wage and small salary-earner will smoke more, buy more cheap foreign radio sets, cars and the like. In addition to his effect on real imports, the necessity for spending money on large forces in the Near East and the Middle East means that a great invisible import has to be added to the balance.

Better world trade and the recovery of some of Britain's interest-defaulting debtors, unsettled politics that increase shipping and insurance services, may contribute something

to the invisible export figure, but they cannot contribute enough. There must be a growing temptation in Whitehall to do three things—to cheapen the £ (which bountifies exports but increases the money value of imports), to permit foreign borrowing (which promises the invisible export of foreign interest but drains the cheap money pool) and to stiffen import duties. But stiffening import duties reduces revenue, both directly and by checking the growth of general trade. In a word, Mr. Chamberlain seems to face the difficult choice between a balanced budget and balanced trade.

The effect upon a budget balance of high centralized expenditure has been very generally misunderstood and overrated. The Gladstonian tradition of finance was one of low expenditure and low taxation. The national balance sheet then aimed at a small total, quite apart from the balance. The modern world has forced upon us a very different technique. We operate now on high expenditure and high taxation. Since the money set spinning is taxed at every revolution, the net expenditure of the State (after the inaugural year) is absurdly low compared with the gross expenditure. The national balance sheet has a big total, but the balance need not thereby be affected. A trading firm which begins its life with a balance-sheet total of £5,000 and in its vigorous maturity has a total of £5,000,000 would seem singularly dangerous if the only criterion of its stability was the fact that whereas in 1906 its expenditure was £3,000, in 1936 it had grown to £3,000,000. The move from a low taxation system to a high taxation system must unsettle and redistribute individual fortunes, but it does not change the system of achieving a budget balance. Mr. Chamberlain has realized this, as he indicated negatively when at a city dinner recently he said that in this year tax yield could not overtake expenditure, implying that in a full future year it would do so.

But a budget balance, on no matter what total, cannot be achieved if the velocity of money and the turnover of trade is diminished. Foreign lending and higher import duties (immediately) and a lowered £ (at second remove)

would diminish both. A sharp rise in taxation rates to meet immediate expenditure, by the drastic discouragement of enterprise, would diminish both.

The Treasury problem is thus a pretty one, behind the easy formulation that the choice is between a balanced budget with cheap money and unbalanced trade.

Personal views, even when so ill-founded as mine, are useful if not as a basis for judgment certainly as a check on judgment. My own view is that the paramount need is to get the trading position right. We are in sufficient jeopardy from foreign complications: we do not want to add the danger of a recurrence of 1931. The real need always is to fill some forty-seven million stomachs and clothe forty-seven million backs. A European war—whether we were involved or not—would make that task difficult. An economic crash, caused by a cumulatively unsound national trading position, would make it equally difficult. Empty bellies and cold backs are very potent foes of patriotism and civic order, both of which matter far more than the comfort of the stock market or the complacency of budget-balancing officials.

By the restoration of freedom to the City of London the Treasury and the Bank could create a new invisible export and by an insistence upon the expenditure of loans, to a great part, within the lending country could create also new visible exports.

Similarly, a gigantic loan for expenditure on re-armament and reconstruction (against which, for some reason, the Chancellor has pledged himself within this financial year) would enable the Budget 1937–8 (considered as a revenue account only) to be balanced. An unbalanced and undisclosed development account is a familiar thing in business, and is justified where large capital expenditure is needed with little hope of return for some time to follow. It would be equally justified nationally. It is the resort to which the Chancellor is almost certain to come. Its immediate effect would be to stimulate still further the boom market in securities: its secondary effect would be to inaugurate the era of hardening money rates, not only because it would withdraw a certain amount of competing

investment money but because it would also bring industry into the market for new working capital to meet the demands of further Government expenditure.

* * *

The discussion of foreign lending in the City is not turning only on the question of high financial policy. There has been a steady canvassing of views as to the feasibility of a loan to Germany, some talk of a loan to Italy, and much bad blood about the recent £10,000,000 credit to Russia.

Against a loan to Germany opinion hardens. There is no question of any unfriendliness politically to Berlin. Probably never in history has Britain been more genuinely pro-German than at this time, thanks, very largely, to Herr Hitler's skill in concealing the return to the Rhineland in a dialectical cloud of peace offering and goodwill and the misfortune of France whose electoral weariness of M. Laval showed outwardly as a swing to the Left at a time when, in Britain, a similar weariness with the Eden-Litvinoff duet was prompting here a swing to the Right. The objections to such a loan are purely practical. One is that a defaulting debtor, whose defaults far transcend the amounts paid in reparation, ought first to pay his previous creditors. The second is that while General Göring and Dr. Goebbels breath death and damnation at the bloated British Empire, Britons are oddly unwilling to lend money that may be spent on arms to bomb Britain to—some alliterative limbo.

An Italian loan would be relatively popular. It has at last sunk into most minds that the bilking of Italy after the Treaty of London in 1915 and the Anglo-French conventions of 1924 gave her just cause for anger against Geneva and action against the Negus. Italian friendship is valuable, and Italian trade worth recapturing—and there is no bad record on the books where Italy's finances are concerned. Il Duce would be a quite acceptable suitor and Dr. Schacht might become so, but he is not so yet.

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It is always dangerous to write of the United States when the exigencies of publication enforce a gap of time between going to press and publication, but the United

States *must* be written on. The connection between Wall Street and Throgmorton Street—which is so patent to anyone who deals in the Street Market—is closer than many non-professional observers realize. Whatever the underlying causes of the American collapse in 1929, and Professor Irving Fisher in the year of the crash listed half a dozen competent authorities no two of whom agreed, the occasion was British. A minor and a major fraud in England combined to cause sufficient liquidation in America to burst the bubble of the Hoover boom. With " bad money " ready to roll East or West as panic dictates, either market may be disrupted by the other.

Whether it be true or not that the United States has begun its recovery not because of, but despite the professional politicians, it is certainly true that there is real recovery. America in the Fall of 1936 has attained the economic position which Britain reached about the Autumn of 1934. A natural replacement demand has inaugurated new buying of goods and services, and this has sufficed to restore general buying confidence.

While Roosevelt, the foe of " big business," has been given a second term with a State majority far bigger than the most optimistic Democrat expected, he will not now be quite the Roosevelt of the first term. To some extent his wings are clipped by the peculiar composition of Congress. As Dr. Alvin Johnson has pointed out, the measure of nominal Democrats and Republicans in Congress is not the measure of support for particular measures. It must also be borne in mind that a President in his first term is appealing always to the electors for a second term, but a President in his second term is asking a verdict from history. The appeal to contemporaries must be spectacular, the appeal to posterity must be sound. The first term bark will prove worse than the second term bite.

With genuine financial and economic factors in the United States extraordinarily similar to those in Britain, the accumulating pool of investment money with only a market reservoir available being an identical factor, there is no more reason to expect the ending of the boom there than here. One thing President Roosevelt has to face to a

greater degree of anxiety than have we. It is the imminence of labour disturbances. But since labour disturbances are likely to result in even more forced expenditure, with a consequent and now familiar effect on business turnover and profits, they are paradoxically likely to stimulate and not retard stock prices.

Wall Street entering an undoubted boom has one attraction which London must lack. Any European trouble would certainly cause a distressed market for some few days, but refugee money and the up-leap in commodity prices would make America a profitable haven at the very time when London would be suffering the worst effects. It is unpatriotic to emphasize this, but it would be folly to pretend that far-seeing minds are not already aware of it, which means that a steadily increasing stream of investment capital Westwards should strengthen the rising tendency in American securities which is already marked and may become sensational. If the virus of 1929 is in the blood of the British, the fever germ of 1928 is decidedly in the American system.

[The above article went to press before the announcement of the £100,000,000 Government Grant.—C.B.]

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE past month has afforded much ground for satisfaction, since it has seen Soviet Russia finally unmasked. For some reason, probably of internal politics, Stalin has abandoned the "good European" attitude which he had adopted when Russia became a member of the League, and has reverted to the policy of world revolution which marked the earlier days of Bolshevism. If one could penetrate the fog that has lain across Russia since the fall of Tsardom, it would almost certainly be to find some connection between this change of front and the judicial murders of two or three months ago. Stalin must be very much afraid of Trotsky when he has to adopt his policy in so dramatic a manner.

However this may be, Russia has been proved out of her own mouth the disturbing factor in modern Europe. The damning indictment brought against her by the Portuguese fully confirms what appeared in these pages two months ago, namely that Franco only just forestalled a Communist revolution organized by Moscow. Even the British Foreign Office, which has been very careful of Soviet susceptibilities since it passed under the control of Mr. Eden, has produced proof of Russian violation of the Spanish neutrality agreement. In effect, Bolshevism is still what we on the Right have always said it was, an unclean thing which contaminates all with whom it comes in contact.

Another British Reverse

IT is useless to disguise the fact that this implies a further loss of British prestige. Mr. Eden has done everything in his power to bring Russia into the comity of nations, and has accepted without question Litvinoff's plea that peace is indivisible. Every kind of pressure has been brought to bear on Germany to include Russia in a new Locarno. Now Hitler has been demonstrated right, and on the showing of the Foreign Office itself the Soviets have been proved

quite unreliable. It is a far cry to the days when the posters used to shriek at us "Another Triumph for Mr. Eden."

It is not easy for Conservatives outside Parliament to understand the complacency of the ordinary National Government M.P. in this matter. Admitted that it is difficult for the supporters of an administration to attack it on the floor of the House, yet there are a hundred ways of compassing the downfall of an unsuccessful minister. Mr. Eden has not only failed in everything he has done, but he has dragged the name of England in the mire in the process. There are many ornamental posts which he would doubtless fill with distinction, but at the Foreign Office he is a positive menace, and if he continues there we shall not have a friend in Europe. The country cannot stand much longer Mr. Eden putting its shirt on losers.

This raises a further point: what useful purpose is served by repeated debates in the House of Commons on foreign affairs? The same people speak on each occasion; we all know in advance what they are going to say; and those who might contribute something to the discussion are never called because there are so many ex-ministers or Privy Councillors who want to air their hackneyed views. An hour of some of the younger M.P.s would be worth a sitting of Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Winston Churchill.

Germany and Italy

RELATIONS between Berlin and Rome have been growing noticeably more cordial of late. This is a natural consequence of the friendly attitude adopted by Germany during the Abyssinian crisis, and of the Russian intervention in the Spanish civil war. At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that there is an agreement on all the questions at issue between the two Powers, and so long as neither is willing to give way in the matter of Austria it is not easy to see how there can be such an understanding. What has happened is that the two Governments have decided that at present the points on which they are agreed are of more importance than those about which they differ.

The Italo-German decision not to tolerate a Red Catalonia is particularly welcome, as the latter would be a Russian outpost in the Meditteranean, and a centre for revolutionary propaganda in that area. It is as much to the interest of Great Britain as of any other Power that this should be stopped. Signor Mussolini's speech at Milan was friendly to England, and it is to be regretted that the Government has not responded in the same spirit. The dictators will not continue for ever to make offers to this country. We have treated Herr Hitler with scant courtesy in the past, and the Italian and German price will rise with each delay. Apparently the lack of response from Whitehall is due to a determination that agreements must be negotiated at Geneva, or not at all. If this is the case, the sooner there is a change of heart the better. What matters is a settlement, not where it is made, and it is all one whether the place is Rome, Berlin, or Upper Tooting.

A Mediterranean Pact

An agreement in respect of the Mediterranean is becoming more necessary every day. There are three naval areas of the first importance to Great Britain, namely the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Far East : we have an agreement with regard to the first of these, and we must have similar agreements for the two latter if our lines of communication all over the world are to be secure. To those who ask whether other Powers can be trusted to keep their part of any bargain that is made, the answer must be that this depends on ourselves : if we are strong, understandings to which we are a party will be respected ; if we are not, they will be disregarded.

We and the Italians could do each other infinite damage without either of us being any better off in the end. We are probably in a slightly stronger position because we can get to India round the Cape, but even that would mean sacrificing the Near East. Such considerations, however, only appeal to the Liberals and Socialists who want war with Italy because they do not approve of Fascism, and the ordinary citizen will welcome the words of Lord Halifax

in the Upper House on 3rd November, " So far as we are concerned, I see no reason why it should not be possible easily to reach complete understanding where misunderstanding has in some quarters existed." Mr. Eden's observations on the same subject two days later were disappointing, and it is to be noticed that he put the League of Nations first, and the defence of British interests second.

Later still, the Prime Minister appeared to agree with Lord Halifax, so it is not easy to discover the policy, if any, of the Government towards Italy.

The Arms Report

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of and Trading in Arms deserves the attention of all students of foreign affairs for it is a complete exposure of the Popular Front myth that the external policy of this country is dictated by wicked armament manufacturers. The Commissioners took evidence from all the more vocal pacifist organizations, and yet they find themselves in a position to testify, " No witness that has appeared before us has openly asserted that any British armament manufacturer has directly endeavoured to disturb international relations or pursue a policy hostile to disarmament." It would appear, therefore, that the propagandists of the Popular Front only produce this argument when there is no fear of cross-examination.

The Commissioners give it as their opinion that " the abolition of the private industry (i.e. of armament manufacture) in the United Kingdom and the substitution for it of a system of state monopoly may be practicable ; but it is undesirable." Of course it is undesirable; the only people who advocate it are Socialists who want all industry controlled by the State, and a handful of mugwump Conservatives too stupid to know what they are about. At the same time, the Report continues, " we recommend the complete cessation of the private export trade in surplus and second-hand arms and munitions of war." This recommendation will be cordially endorsed by those responsible for the maintenance of

law and order on the North-West frontier of India, and it is to be hoped that appropriate action will be taken.

Pacifism Unmasked

It is not surprising that the Royal Commission's Report should have caused dismay in the ranks of the Popular Front for it shows quite clearly how untenable are their theories when submitted to detailed examination. About 90 per cent. of those who voted in the so-called Peace Ballot declared themselves in favour of the abolition of the private manufacture of arms, and when one reads this Report, it is difficult to know whom to despise the more, the organizers of the Ballot or the poor mutts who gave their opinion on an extremely difficult subject concerning which they know nothing. This exposure shows how little real value need have been attached to a campaign which Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues took so seriously.

If the Report opens the eyes of our rulers to the ignorance and dishonesty of the Left where foreign affairs are concerned, the £7,341 10s., which its preparation has cost the taxpayer, will have been money well spent. To satisfy an uninformed clamour we have supported the League of Nations against our own interests times without number; this has led to the rebuff at Italian hands in the matter of Abyssinia, and to the flirtation with the Soviets. The Royal Commission's Report shows the type of reasoning of those whom successive administrations have been at such pains to placate.

The Irak Revolution

The recent events in Irak, combined with the memory of Arabi Pasha, cannot but increase one's apprehensions in respect of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. It is all very well to concede autonomy, and to encourage the new rulers to provide for their own defence, but if the forces they raise are to be used for the making of *pronunciamientos*, then a very difficult situation will arise. Cairo, it should not be forgotten, has for centuries had just as bad a record as

Baghdad in this connection. Great Britain has no responsibility for the internal affairs of Irak, and under the new treaty will have none for those of Egypt, but domestic troubles may easily lead to foreign complications, and that is where the danger lies.

It is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility that the new Irak Government may pursue such a policy as will involve it in war with Persia, and in that event the continued neutrality of Great Britain would almost certainly prove impracticable. Can one nation have limited responsibility for another? Must it not be all or nothing? These considerations are forced upon one by what has happened in Irak, and by what may well happen in Egypt. It is earnestly to be hoped that the policy we have pursued in the Middle East since the war will not be proved the hollow sham that our European policy has been. If it takes 20,000 British troops to keep order in Palestine in time of peace, the number required in the event of serious trouble on the Euphrates can be imagined.

Progress in Greece

IT is now possible to take stock of the situation in Greece since King George, through the instrumentality of General Metaxas, saved his country in August last from the unhappy fate which has overtaken Spain. Apart from the revival of a feeling of security, in itself no mean feat, the record of the new regime is remarkable, and it is a serious reflection upon the old politicians that there was so much to be done.

Particular attention has been paid to social and economic problems. Compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes has been established, and collective contracts have been made by which a minimum wage is guaranteed. By this means the purchasing power of about 120,000 workers has been raised, and as provision is made for a readjustment of wages on the basis of the cost of living the Communists are not likely to find the Greek working-classes so easy a prey as in the past. Social insurance has been instituted, for the first time, against illness, and it is estimated that over

half a million people will benefit by this. In effect, the Government has realized that what caused unrest was not original sin in any one section of the population but insecurity, and it is doing everything in its power to lay that spectre.

In one respect, indeed, Greece may be said to be ahead of Great Britain, for the Press has been forbidden to offer gifts to its readers. However this may be, evidence is accumulating that General Metaxas and his colleagues are tackling the evils from which their country has suffered for so long, and which successive generations of democratic politicians were unable or unwilling to face. The stability and prosperity of Greece are a vital British interest, and it is highly satisfactory to know that they are being enhanced by the administration now in power.

A Valuable Book

REALLY informative works on foreign countries are all too few, and for that reason it is to be hoped that *The Poland of Pilsudski* by Robert Machray (Allen & Unwin, 15*s*.) will meet with a warm welcome. It is a record of the renaissance of Poland and of the career of the man who made this possible. It is, indeed, an enthralling story, and the author shows how from the beginning Poland had to fend for herself unlike some of the other new States : she certainly never got any help from England, and when she was almost at the mercy of Soviet Russia in 1920, Whitehall kept to the Left as usual, and advised her to accept Moscow's terms.

The great work of Pilsudski was to prevent the new Poland from following the anarchic traditions of the old, for the Seym soon proved as intractable as the Diet. Mr. Machray describes Pilsudski's efforts to strengthen the executive, and by the time of his death the danger was past. In international affairs, Poland is no longer the vassal of France, and is one of the very few nations of to-day which is pursuing an independent policy based on national needs.

Mr. Machray is a shrewd observer of men and affairs, and is in no way deceived by appearances, as the following passage proves :

> " Poland was the first country to make the categorical announcement to Italy of her dissociation from the sanctions policy of the League. Though the Geneva Institution tried to save its face, and there was nothing handsome about its surrender to the realities of the situation, the sanctions had to be done away with. There was much talk of the reform of the League and modifications of the Covenant, but the fact was patent that Geneva had lost out in the struggle with Mussolini and was discredited ; most if not all of the authority it had possessed was gone."

This passage is typical of the clarity of vision that is to be found on every page of a most valuable book.

From a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

THE garden seat is suffering from neglect just now, so far as I am concerned. The birds are making good use of it, and have considerably altered its appearance. For my part I find it necessary to keep more or less on the move while noting with due appreciation the changing tints of autumn. Many and varied have been the colours this autumn, as the trees and shrubs shed their foliage. I think, among the commoner subjects, the hawthorns have put up as good a performance as any. I do not think I have ever noticed such brilliant and rich tones in these usually modest trees. I often wonder whether the hawthorns are appreciated as much as they deserve to be. Considering their shapely forms and general tidiness, their brilliant floral display in the spring, and their triumphant finale as the curtain falls, there are surely few trees which have proved themselves more worthy of a place in the garden. Apart from the warm tints of the foliage, mine have produced an unusually lavish feast of scarlet leaves. The old folks tell us that this is a sign of a hard winter, but I wonder! I think it is more likely a sign of something which has already happened. I think my pear trees must have been a little jealous of the thorns this year, and set themselves out to show what could be done in the way of autumn colour. I have never seen them so bright: the leaves varied from palest yellow to richest crimson. But how suddenly the pear trees shed their finery. At the first sign of frost and wind they give a shudder and a shake, and stand revealed in all their nakedness: a blaze of glory one day, and a framework of bare twigs the next.

Another little tree which has played its part well this autumn is the silver birch; I have three, and for a time they resembled a golden spray from a silver fountain. However, I think the brightest show of all has been provided by the berberis family. I have one or two of the *thunbergii* group, and the foliage turned to a flaming orange colour. A mixture of the hybrid forms of berberis make a most interesting border in any garden where space is on the

generous side. The many coloured berries and the lovely changing tones of the foliage render them essentially plants for the autumn. Nevertheless their summer flowers are not without interest and beauty, and some of them are delightfully scented. While on the subject of the berberis family, if any one has a sunny corner to fill, I would advise them to plant *berberis stenophila*, the evergreen variety which flowers in May. It has long sprays of golden flowers which always remind me of a firework display. I saw one in full flower last spring with a carpet of blue grape hyacinths round it, and I shall look a long time before I see a more lovely sight.

Of the berried shrubs, the pyracanthas have been very prolific this year, but I wonder why nearly everyone seems to regard them as being essentially wall plants. Admittedly they lend themselves well to this form of cultivation, but they are equally beautiful as a shrub in the open garden, where they can send out their long coral sprays and feel safe from the pruning shears. This "fire thorn" or pyracantha seems to be a popular suburban plant and at the moment many a modern villa wall glows with its scarlet and coral berries. I am surprised that one scarcely sees the orange-yellow variety *Rodgersiana*, which to my mind is just as pretty. It is less compact in habit, and not so easily trained, but as an open shrub is of great and uncommon beauty, for yellow berries occur less frequently than the red. The pyracantha on my house has grown so thick and dense that the sparrows have made a dormitory of it, and noisy roosters they are too, both at bedtime and at the early rising. At first I thought they were squabbling over the berries, but I find that so far they are practically untouched. Perhaps they are not ripe enough yet, and the birds may be merely staking out their claims in advance. I do not grudge them a share, but I wish they would be a little quieter about it.

Another shrub which has been very attractive of late is the *cotoneaster horizontalis*, which has spread its feathery fingers over the end of my woodshed with charming effect. It is always dainty and pleasant to look upon, but more especially so in the autumn, when its tiny leaves assume a

ruddy tint. If anyone wants a neat-looking and colourful loose cover for a low wall—say under the bay windows, I can strongly recommend *cotoneaster horizontalis*. It must not be put in a corner where the sun never shines. The pernettias are tidy and pretty little shrubs for a garden where space is limited. Someone brought me a bunch of the berried sprays a few weeks ago, and they are still as attractive as ever. The berries are of many colours, mostly delicate shades in pink, mauve and rosy-red, and there are white ones too. I cannot grow them myself, there is too much lime in my garden soil, and pernettias, like their distant relations the ericas, strongly object to lime. To get a good show of berries it is advisable to plant several together in groups. This is not because the sexes are separate, as is often supposed, but because the flowers are usually self-sterile, and need companions for the purposes of cross-pollination.

It seems to be a peculiarity of gardeners that they rarely appreciate the beauty of some of our own native plants, but I am sure that many of them might with advantage be brought into the garden. If I had a big garden I often feel that I should like to plant a hedge built up of the choicest subjects of our country hedgerows : the honeysuckles, the wayfarers tree, the sloes, and the hips and haws. This year the scarlet hips of the wild rose have been especially abundant, and their graceful sprays give beauty to many a wild-looking hedge. I have a few sweet briars which are doing their best, but they are rather too lonely and need company, such as the bronze and yellow of the wild maple leaves. However, I have one rose, not a native, but a very worthy foreigner, which has given me great pleasure, this is *rosa Moyesii*. It is a simple rose of a beautiful shade of deep crimson, but to my mind its greatest beauty lies in its fruits, big bottle-shaped scarlet hips, which are conspicuous from a considerable distance. It is not a particularly tidy bush, but it is well worth a place in the border.

I suppose one of the commonest plants to be found on the walls of country cottages is *Cydonia japonica*, usually abbreviated to " japonica", or perhaps among the knowing ones, " pyrus " japonica. Very few people seem to

know that there are several varieties of this interesting plant. They are all members of the quince family, and in favourable seasons produce a good number of fruits. These fruits are the subject of much speculation, and I have often been asked whether they are edible. I should say not, because I have never yet known anyone who could get his teeth into them, but they make an excellent jelly, which goes well with roast mutton and certain savoury dishes. Some of these fruits have another use. One of the varieties, *Cydonia Maulii*, bears fruits of a rich golden yellow colour, which are most deliciously fragrant, and half a dozen of them in a bowl will fill a room with a sweet fruity perfume which leaves visitors guessing as to its source, and they last for a very long time.

Talking of fruits brings me to the most popular fruit of all, the apple. I have been particularly interested in apples this year, because my young trees have borne a really good crop for the first time, and I have had an opportunity of sampling them and testing their merits. I wonder how many of the specialists will agree with my descriptions, if I venture to set down my favourites. Let us take an early one first. To my mind there is nothing very wonderful about our earliest apples. The much boosted "Beauty of Bath" is pretty, but sour. "Gladstone" is eatable for about a week and then goes soft and mushy. "Lady Sudeley" has about as much flavour as a sweetened turnip, and "Worcester Pearmain," though highly coloured and aromatic, is hard, and of too dry a texture. I have selected "Langley Pippin" as the best and earliest, it has a delightful flavour, and can be picked ripe from the tree during the summer holidays. "Laxton's Epicure," a new variety, is another nice early apple, crisp and juicy, and of pleasant flavour. We shall hear more of this one as time goes on. Passing on to September I shall plump for "St. Everard," a really fine little apple, almost the exact counterpart of "Cox's Orange Pippin," both in appearance and flavour, but at least two months earlier. The tree does not grow very big, and it is not an uncommon sight to see practically the whole crop on the ground after the first September gale. I can forgive these slight faults, because in any case it is

no use trying to keep it more than a few weeks. "James Grieve" comes next, a juicy, sweet, and altogether delicious apple of a golden yellow colour, lightly splashed with scarlet. It is usually at its best towards the end of September. There are variations of this apple. "Red Coat Grieve," and "Cutler Grieve," which differ slightly in appearance but in no other way. "James Grieve," like "St. Everard," does not make a big tree, but this may be an advantage in many gardens. My next choice is "Ellison's Orange," a perfect apple in size and appearance, and in my opinion the best of the October apples; it has a peculiar flavour, with an unmistakable suggestion of aniseed about it. Epicures of very discerning palate might not like it, but I do.

Another good apple of the same season is "Lord Lambourne," a handsome and well-flavoured fruit from a well-behaved tree. It is not yet widely known, but I prophesy that it soon will be. I suppose "Cox's Orange Pippin" ought to be my choice for November, for it is undoubtedly the world's greatest dessert apple. It is a strange thing that this wonderful apple was raised a century ago by an amateur—a retired brewer. It may have been an accident, but if so it was a lucky one, for this apple is now grown in practically every country of the world, and although experts have been striving ever since to better it they have not yet found another to challenge its popularity. I have only one fault to find with it, it refuses to grow in my garden, so I have had to find a substitute. This is "Laxton's Superb," a little later than "Cox's Pippin," but in my opinion the finest Christmas apple ever raised.

A Plea for Individualism

By Stefan Hock

A YOUNG lady, who wants to become a theatrical producer, asked me some days ago, what dramatic school I would advise her to attend. She thought it the best plan to obtain tuition by some outstanding producer in a class for play-production.

I did not agree with what she had in mind, and I told her, how I myself had happened to become a producer. Ever since my childhood I used to be an indefatigable playgoer. There have been times when I attended 200 to 300 performances in the course of one year. Since my coming of age I watched the rehearsals of other producers. And when many years later I entered the theatrical career, I tried to gather so much knowledge of the mechanical arts connected with the stage, as a complete layman of physics was able to, before I ventured on the first stage-production of my own.

I know it is not the way histrionic neophytes make their first appearance now. They have been at schools and academies, they have passed examinations, and there they are, a bench of graduates, just without the B.A. following their names.

The youngster of former days, who wooed Thalia or Melpomene, had to make a runaway marriage. If he was not himself the offspring of strolling players, he had to resign his social position and very often even the bonds of blood. He became a sort of outlaw. His future life was entirely devoted to his profession. And this profession was for a good part some kind of handicraft. He became as it were apprentice to an artisan. His artistic ability developed abreast of his technical skill.

The standard of acting in those days was much higher than it is now. That is no arbitrary assertion. Whoever reads Shakespeare with eyes apprehending all the little tricks of stage-business so frequently overlooked even by skilled producers and actors, must be surprised to see what difficult and subtle tasks he demanded from his performers.

If they had been unable to cope with these requirements, a practical playwright never would have set these goals before them. We possess detailed descriptions of Garrick's way to act his parts, which enable us to form a precise idea as to how he impersonated the characters of his repertoire. And Helen Faucit, in her letters, left an invaluable treasure of records, a *catalogue raisonné* of hers and her partner Macready's performances. There can be no doubt that these unschooled actors knew more of their craft than the learned academicians of our days.

These different ways of training were by no means peculiar to dramatic art. The young painter entered the studio of some famous master as an apprentice and began his artistic career by mixing paints. One day the great Austrian painter, Alfred Roller, sitting beside me in the Salzburg playhouse, pointed at a snake in the corner of the repulsive curtain, on which the first scene of the " Magic Flute " gave its company to some other spectacular counterfeits of famous dramatic episodes, and told me that it was his first fruits, done in the workshop of the wholesale-dealer, who supplied half the towns of Germany and Austria with playhouses fully equipped and ready for use. His master was no Verrochio or Rubens, but still it was the same way, Leonardo da Vinci and Van Dyck had once to go.

The objection might be made that this sort of artistic education might have proved the right way for the gifted, but were detrimental to the average man. I do not think that the general standard of the fine arts has improved since the foundation of academies of art, and I think it impossible to assume that Shakespeare should have written a play like " The Merchant of Venice " with its ten or twelve most important characters, with no capable actors for the smaller parts available.

But suppose it were true that nowadays the average artists have risen to higher levels, how is the development of art the better for it ? The flood of time works like the Deluge, it leaves but the highest peaks above the waves. What has survived of all the great achievements of poetry of 2,500 years, if we honestly tell the truth and do not care for the pretended immortality among schools and

scholars? The Bible, the fairy tales of Homer, of the Arabian Nights, of King Arthur, of Shakespeare. Those are the things that tell. One production of that kind outweighs the endeavours of generations.

We are trying to rationalize matters, which always will remain irrational; to regulate what nature wants to be unruled and unruly. The tree strews a million seeds into space to rot and to moulder, for the one which will strike roots and grow up. We reduce the infant mortality, but in return the birth-rate diminishes. Will selection in mother's womb prove to be the better means towards the survival of the fittest than fight in the open?

A dangerous overrating of intellectual education threatens to overthrow our civilization by its immediate effects upon the minds as well as by the unintentional loosening of the safety-valve venting the animal instincts of mankind. It is a short way from the scientist's laboratory to the airman in his cockpit releasing the poison gas. Allow your children to play! I wonder whether every Englishman realizes what blessing the dominating part sports play in her educational system, means for Great Britain.

The most foolish consequence of this rationalization is the scholastic training applied to beginners in the arts. The artist is a complex personality, combining the mind of a maniac with the skill of a craftsman. Craftsmanship is better acquired in workshops than in schools, and these are not the right fostering-places for manias.

There are exceptions, of course. A teacher may be a great artist himself and possess a flair for the talent of his pupil. A school may be run by an outstanding expert, who tries to give his students the chance of practical training. But as a rule the revolutionary genius will be hampered rather than helped, when subjected to the systematic scheme of any educational institution. Schools admittedly are designed for the promotion of the ordinary student. But no ordinary man is of any use to the development of the arts. They want abnormality.

The result is the growth of an uniform mediocrity, which partly is responsible for the appalling deterioration of artistic levels to be noticed especially on the Continent,

where this unifying tendency is still older and stronger than in England.

Forty years ago the request to tell the names of ten outstanding Continental artists, poets and musicians of the day could easily have been answered. Tolstoy, Ibsen, Strindberg, Zola, Verdi, Debussy, Richard Strauss, Renoir, Cezanne, Segantini are ten names present to my mind, and ten more could be added as well. To-day on the Continent there are a few great old men surviving, but no sign, not even the slightest, of any new genius, of any new style, if we are not satisfied with pointing to some Russian film-producers.

I remember a talk about these facts, which I had a few years ago with a French playwright. He pleaded his own cause objecting to the pessimism of my outlook, when I asserted that one could not expect the same tree to yield figs and crabs. We had decided to have airships and bombs, wireless and television. Perhaps the man was to come who would conceive a new art digesting these achievements and utilizing the ideas of our days in the same way as Cervantes and Shakespeare came one hundred years after Columbus. But for the time being all things were conspiring to prevent the rise of great artists.

The physicists of our day, who are able to calculate the working energy of any mechanical force, could no doubt sum up material energies and tell us their grand total. Similarly the whole of the mental and moral energies in existence must amount to a definite quantity. The more forces are concentrated on technical inventions, the fewer are left for artistic occupations.

The competition for this powerful and attractive trend reduces not only the number and the efficiency of those who are addicted to the drug of art for art's sake, but, worse than that, it renders the arts acceptable to more rational minds. What artist can keep his studio distant from the hurrying noise of this overbusy time? Where is that lofty character willing and able to stand aloof from the marketing crowd? No Horace would like to wait nine years for publication now, when times change so quickly that the new truth of yesterday turns out a commonplace

to-day, an old lie to-morrow. Leonardo da Vinci would be too busy with engineering to have any time left for painting and sculpturing. The artist of our days has become the drudge of the public. Too great is the temptation of acquiring wealth by adapting oneself to the demands of fashion, to the wishes of a vast majority seeking in art nothing but superficial entertainment.

There is no chance of remoteness any more on the face of the earth. The loneliest hut in the Alps and the farthest ship at sea are accessible to the wireless and any message reaches them quicker than fifty odd years ago a communication sent from the City of London to Westminster. No mental vacuum is left around us, anybody and everything are near at hand, they exercise their influence and determine our character. Individualism has reached its end.

Not only in the arts. There has been a time when the larger part of any nation tilled the land and when the citizens were mostly mechanics or dealers. Each of these occupations required a skilled man and the better trained, the bigger was his success. Every man had a personal relation to his job. Industrialism created the huge cities, depopulated the countryside and made man an unfeeling and indifferent part of the engine. Work turned into drudgery, the worker waxed uprooted and discontented. Organization was the thing, some elaborate scheme, where everybody had his tiny little sphere of action, doing the same small bit of work his life through, an anonymous machinery going on for the sake of somebody, who sat somewhere above and pressed the buttons.

England, although the birthplace of modern industrialism, has so far given ample scope for developing the individual character of her citizens. Peculiarity, even oddity, has always been one of the most notable features of the English. It is somewhat responsible for the glorious line of revolutionary reformers in this country as well as for the varied rank of solitary geniuses in the fields of poetry and the fine arts. And I venture to ascribe the outstanding achievements of contemporary literature in England to this state of mind.

It is with some alarm that I view the forthcoming capitu-

lation of this last fortress of individualism to the principle of rationalization and academic tyranny. It might portend the collapse of the proudest and richest treasure-house of mankind since the days of the ancient Greeks.

Time to be Going

By Pamela Frankau

SIR CHARLES was sitting in his club. He had not taken his usual chair beside the bow-window, because on his entry he had observed a knot of the younger members collected there. Drowsily, letting the evening-paper fall upon his knees, he heard their voices. They talked solemnly of racing, lightly of politics, pompously of business and never of women ; just as Sir Charles himself had talked in the club when he was a young man. He neither approved nor disapproved of these young men. An old dog, half asleep in the sun, would have no more than an indulgent blink for the capers of a puppy. The voices faded and grew loud again upon the mutable wavelength of his attention.

" What is it like this year ? "

" The Academy ? Worse than ever."

Sir Charles opened one eye. He would have found voice to support this statement, had he not been so tired. True, he had not visited the exhibition this year. He knew from conviction that the speaker was right. No modern artist could paint. Least of all the present Academicians. They were worse than those wild new people who thought pictures should look flat. It was Beatrice who first told him about the modern painters. She tried to understand them. Beatrice had not painted badly herself. They had loved the Private View day, he and she. Was it six years ago, he wondered, that they had attended the Private View for the last time ? It was. He remembered the old commissionaire, Hunt, who must be a hundred by now, Sir Charles thought, recognizing them both. The three of them had stood talking together of the other days and the other pictures. And he, Charles, had never been there since.

The voices had ceased in the bow-window. The young men were gone. Cautiously, Sir Charles achieved his usual chair. He lowered himself comfortably. The late afternoon sunshine polished the road-surface of the Mall. Many cars, long and shining and shaped like torpedoes, strung out on the street. Sir Charles was not interested in cars. They roared and bubbled and were the cause of ugly accidents.

Anyone could drive a car. Sir Charles had driven a four-in-hand.

He did not mean to sit here and dream. There were others in the club, his contemporaries, who made fools of themselves by their insistence on the goodness of the old days. That world was gone. They should, Sir Charles thought, be going themselves, all the old men. He also. His head nodded.

Against his will, the memories were coming back. He saw a moonstruck garden and a young girl walking there; she held her long skirt bunched in her hand, for the grass was wet. He stood beside her; no, not he; not a frail old man with a white moustache, with blue veins among the wrinkles in his forehead; not he, but the young Sir Charles, tall and fair and headed for Parliament; young Sir Charles forgetting his slight priggishness for long enough to fall in love. From the lit window the tune of a polka lilted.

"Sir Charles, I must go back. Supposing my aunt misses me from the ballroom—"

"Miss Beatrice, I will face your aunt like a man if you will promise to drive with me in the Park to-morrow."

"You know she would never allow such a thing."

Nor had she. Beatrice had not driven alone with him until after their wedding. He remembered an earlier evening; the evening of the day upon which *The Times* had announced their engagement. He had given the invitation to dine on the terrace at the Star and Garter. He had driven the four-in-hand down to Richmond. With Beatrice, Uncle James and Aunt Henrietta. An evening as bright as this one, with the sound of the wheels, the harness ringing and the whip cutting through the air as through silk. He could see the team ahead of him now; the four arched heads, the polished, padded haunches. He could see the terrace in the dusk; the stars pricking out one by one above the trees. He could see Beatrice in her white frock; the long white gloves she wore; dark hair piled under the heavy, flowered hat; her eyes laughing at him while the gruff voice of Uncle James deplored the whole of the Liberal Party. They must have escaped somehow, he and she, for in this picture she leaned away from him, and all the dark

river became background for her pale shape ; as though he embraced a water-fairy.

Sir Charles blinked and sat upright in the club chair. Water-fairies, indeed ! He must not slip off into dreams, because the waking was painful. Beatrice used to chide him for it.

" Charles, you mustn't be boring, my dear. They don't want to hear about it. And they are right. The past wasn't better than the present just because it was the past. We were young. They are young. They have just as good a time as we did. And now "—he remembered her shrunken, gentle voice that halted for a moment—" and now I like to be an onlooker, Charles, and so do you."

" Yes, Beatrice," he murmured, aloud, so that a club servant approached and asked whether he wanted something. " But not alone. I can't be an onlooker by myself, you know. You ought to have waited."

It might, he thought, be forgiven to an onlooker who was all by himself, if he looked back now and then ; if, through the dim quiet of each day there shone brighter pictures from the lost and legendary world. It was a bad habit, though. A bad habit. He shook himself.

On an empty chair beside him he observed a catalogue ; the catalogue, Sir Charles recognized, of the Royal Academy Exhibition. Obviously one of the young men had left it there. Sir Charles, welcoming the distraction, began to turn the pages. The illustrations vexed him. That was a dreadful thing, that sprawled figure with chunky limbs ; a child might have drawn it. He turned the page and hid it.

On the opposite pavement a young man in evening-dress was halting to fasten a flower in his button-hole. Sir Charles approved. He glanced downwards at his own buttonhole. It was empty. His black coat looked a little dusty ; the striped trousers clung to his bony legs ; on his knee, beneath the veined hand that never ceased to tremble, the catalogue rested. He had never heard of these artists. He could remember all the old names without a prompt : Leighton, Alma Tadema, Luke Fildes, Dicksee, Briton Rivière, Watts, Millais. Their pictures were social events.

He remembered meeting Beatrice on the steps of Burling-

ton House for the Private View. Was that, he wondered, in the year nineteen-hundred? It was the year of "The Bath of Psyche," anyhow. Beatrice had worn a green and black dress. He had kept her waiting; she was angry with him. Then they had ceased to quarrel as they stood before Leighton's picture and he told her that she was lovelier. Now he came to think of it, he was late because he stopped to buy a flower for his buttonhole.

Sir Charles groaned. There he went again, dreaming. Sentimentalizing. It was, perhaps, the fault of the season; the London season whose time-table, after all, had not greatly changed. Beatrice would be grieved to know that for five years now he had taken no part in it. If only he were not so tired. "I ought to go to the Academy," Sir Charles admitted. "Ought to keep up more. Perhaps I'll go to-morrow. I daresay the pictures aren't as bad as all that. Used to be a great event, the Academy," he murmured, a little sleepy now. His hand brushed the catalogue. His head nodded finally upon his chest and was still.

ii.

Sir Charles started. He must have slept. That was a funny thing to do, he thought, to sleep in the window of his club. He rose briskly. He looked at his watch. Half-past five. He was due at the Academy. He was meeting somebody there. No, though, he remembered; he had said, "I will meet you outside on the steps, afterwards." That was all right. He felt a little confused; it was a bad thing, to sleep in the daytime. The House had sat late last night; he must make that his excuse. Laughing at himself, he hurried into the hall. He took his silk hat from the peg and set it at an angle. He thrust his cane under his arm. He knew that he should leave a message with the hall-porter, in case the Minister might send for him. The hall-porter's box was empty. Sir Charles waited impatiently, watching the sunshine of late afternoon on the marble floor beside his neat shoes. He was still sleepy. Something was worrying the back of his mind. "Silly," he thought, "because there is nothing to worry about. Well, I can't wait for this fellow. Time to be going."

He walked out on to the steps. He knew then what had been worrying him and it was, Sir Charles now admitted, a very foolish thing. He had been afraid that he might not find a hansom. He could not imagine why. There was a hansom waiting at the foot of the steps.

The driver touched his hat. "Good afternoon, Sir Charles."

"Good afternoon." Certainly, he had seen this driver before. He had an interesting face; a curved profile and quiet eyes; queer that he looked like a gentleman. No reason to be a snob, Sir Charles reminded himself sharply; Beatrice hated snobs.

How quiet the street was in the gold evening. And yet, why should not the street be quiet? Had he dreamed while he slept, he wondered, of a great noise somewhere? He blinked. The driver was smiling at him.

"Sorry," said Sir Charles. "The sun got in my eyes. You have driven me before, haven't you?"

"No, sir," said the driver.

"Then how do you know who I am?"

"I know you by sight, sir."

"Well, go to Burlington House and be quick about it, there's a good fellow. I'm late."

The doors were opened by the driver from above. Sir Charles settled himself; the familiar noise of the hooves and the bell on the rein began; the wheels were soundless; that rubber-tyred wheel was a great improvement. The black horse had red rosettes beside its ears.

Free now from the momentary confusion in his head, Sir Charles found his thoughts devoting themselves to the Academy. He supposed that the usual giants were exhibiting. Leighton. It seemed a long time since he had seen a new Leighton. A long time also since he had seen Sir Frederick himself, driving, with his grey pointed beard and grey hat, slanted in one corner of his victoria. A talented person, Sir Frederick; a good linguist. Doubt flickered again in Sir Charles's mind. Was it last year, the private view at Leighton's house in Holland Park, the reception where Sir Frederick spoke in three languages to his distinguished cosmopolitan guests? Was it last year? Or was

it a very long while ago? Sir Charles rubbed his forehead. He glanced sideways at St. James's Street, moving decorously past the hansom. He saw with unvarying pleasure the Adam façade of Boodles Club. That at least had not altered; St. James's had altered very little. "Here, don't be a fool," he adjured himself. "Why should it alter? Why should anything alter? You're dreaming."

They were turning into Piccadilly now. The sense of foreboding at his heart was gone with the sight of a horse-'bus plying its leisurely way from Hyde Park Corner. The other knowledge, the knowledge of a noise and a change beyond his control, slipped away. Nothing was here but Piccadilly, with the hansom-cabs bowling along in the evening sunshine. These were the gates of the Burlington Arcade. Now they were driving into the courtyard of Burlington House. He hoped that he was not too late.

The driver said: "I'll wait for you, sir."

"I may be some little time."

"That doesn't matter, sir."

Sir Charles walked up the steps. He left his stick at the cloakroom counter. He removed his silk hat and carried it. The people passing beside him on the broad staircase were all strangers; he had expected to see somebody he knew. For a moment he felt the anxious dread again; the fear that the women's clothes would not be right; that there would be no silk hats. As he looked, he saw the frilled parasols, the feather-boas, the ruchings and the flounces. How else, after all, could women be dressed? And of course there were silk hats. He supposed it must be the half-light that made all these figures appear a little vague. Perhaps his eyes were troubling him.

There was Hunt, the commissionaire, standing at the turnstile. Did his eyes, he wondered, trick him so abominably as to make Hunt look like an old man?

"Good evening, Sir Charles. It's good to see you again, sir."

Sir Charles stared at him. "How long ago is it, Hunt? Since I was here, I mean. You look—" He paused, embarrassed. "I think I have a touch of the sun to-day," he apologized.

"Six years, sir, since you came last."

"Oh, rubbish!"

"Six years it is," Hunt argued.

Sir Charles shrugged his shoulders. "Well, let me through, my good man."

"Certainly, Sir Charles."

"He's gone queer in the head," Sir Charles decided. "Why, I don't believe I've missed a Private View since I was seventeen. Until this year. But why didn't I go this year?"

The doubts, the foreboding had returned. He felt heavy and chilled. He turned into the room on the left. For an instant he shut his eyes, having the queer and horrible impression that the room was full of ugly pictures; ugly people stood round them; women with brightly-painted faces and mad clothes. None of the men wore silk hats.

"I knew it," he whispered. "I knew it would be like this."

iii

He opened his eyes.

The room before him appeared to shimmer. Then it steadied.

"Upon my soul," said Sir Charles. "What a very unpleasant idea; like a nightmare. Well, if it's not eyes, it must be digestion. My stomach never could stand up to lobster at lunchtime." He stared happily at the nearest picture.

"That's good, I like that." He inserted his eyeglass. Hayllar; a small canvas by one of the sisters; Jessica, probably. It was an interior, painted with the faithful, perfect precision of the Dutch school; sunlight through long windows; sunlight lying on the parquet floor; through a doorway, the glimpse of another sunlit room beyond. Sir Charles nodded approvingly. Of course the pictures were good. They always were. And the people moving here were perfectly dressed, as always. They seemed a little pale, a little vague; their voices were subdued; he could not catch more than a word or two of their conversation.

They were pale, perhaps, by contrast with the vivid

colour on the walls. There was, surely, more colour than he remembered from the exhibitions of recent years. At the back of his memory there hung an impression of smaller canvasses, foggy and indistinct. These pictures glowed tirelessly, with bright hair, with sunlight and roses and the smooth, cream-coloured limbs of nude female figures. He passed under the archway, into the big room beyond.

That was Leighton's " Bath of Psyche." He must have seen a reproduction of it ; he knew its look by heart. He advanced, putting up his eyeglass. Exquisitely artificial flesh, there. And no woman ever had such length of leg from the hip. Of course, the draperies added to the length.

He cocked his head on one side. Close to him a woman halted, looking upward at Psyche. He heard the tap of her parasol. When he glanced at her, she fluttered away from him ; he saw her further off, examining a portrait by Clausen. Sir Charles knew that portrait also. " The Girl at the Gate." With her clumsy shoes, blue print dress and square, rustic face, she was somehow pitiful. He had a feeling that the artist had achieved that pathos without intending it.

Two children, holding each a hand of their father, were moving just ahead of him. He could see their long curls reaching to the waist, their black socks and strapped shoes. They were nicely dressed, those little girls. As he caught up with them, they turned and vanished into the next room. Sir Charles paused where they had stood. Young Sargent had done a fine portrait of Ellen Terry. Dressed in Lady Macbeth's long green robes, with pointed hanging sleeves and hanging plaits of red-brown hair, she lifted the crown above her head. Sargent might have new-school ideas, Sir Charles admitted, but he could paint ; no doubt of that. Abbey, too. He saw Abbey's lovely achievement, "Mistress mine, where art thou roaming?" a little way off on the other wall.

He knew that he was hurrying more than was usual at his first Academy visit. He must come back, when there was more time. He was confronting Henrietta Rae's latest. Another classical subject. The grouping was good. He was, perhaps, a little tired of undraped ladies and roses. The

new school were putting that away. He remembered that Henrietta Rae was Mrs. Ernest Normand in private life. Her husband exhibited as well. This was not Normand's work. This was Alma Tadema. " At it again," Sir Charles observed, noting the meticulous detail of the marble round the Roman bath ; the very blue sky ; the wreathed pillars and the very nude ladies in the water.

" Traditional. Still, there is a great deal of excellent work here this year. As though one had the best of all of them. Painting is made up of tradition, after all," Sir Charles reminded himself. " I should be sorry for it to change."

He stood still, unable to imagine why he should feel tired. That late session at the House, he supposed. He would have been glad of his stick.

" Come, come. This won't do. Only a few minutes left and I haven't seen a quarter of it yet."

" Admirable, this thing of Watts,'" he said to a young man wearing a high collar. " I had heard about it, of course, but I had no idea it was so fine."

The young man nodded and murmured something inaudible. Sir Charles adjusted his eyeglass before the picture of " Hope." Hope, blindfolded and crouched upon the globe that was the world, plucked her lyre. Sir Charles admired the drawing of one bare foot that stretched from beneath the drapery. " Magnificent," he continued, addressing the young man, whose face and side-whiskers and stock appeared remarkably pallid. The young man nodded again.

" It's the drawing, you know," Sir Charles commented. " Really strong drawing and plenty of life in it. Now Leighton never seems to get that movement into his work ; have you noticed ? Take ' The Sea Gives up its Dead,' for example. Beautiful drawing, but they might all be dummies. And, by the way, Psyche back there is too long in the leg, don't you think ? "

The young man smiled vaguely. Sir Charles turned back for another look at " Hope." When he turned again, his companion had gone.

" Still time to look at one or two more," he thought. " But I mustn't stay too long. Besides, it must be getting late. Everybody has gone."

He heard the sound of feet echoing from the first room. The commissionaire Hunt was hurrying towards him.

"Come to turn me out, Hunt?" he asked.

"Well, sir, it's just on six," Hunt began. His jaw fell suddenly and he gaped over Sir Charles's shoulder. Turning to follow his agonized stare, Sir Charles saw nothing but the pictures. The light was going now; that Marcus Stone looked shadowy; a pretty thing; two girls in white, long-waisted muslin frocks, talking to a young man in Regency costume. He became aware that Hunt was making incoherent noises.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked pleasantly. "Seeing ghosts?"

"The—the pictures, sir."

"And a damn fine lot they are too. I never remember a better exhibition. What's the matter with the pictures?"

Hunt was rubbing his eyes vigorously with both hands. "Somebody must have changed them," he muttered.

"Changed them? Altered the arrangement, do you mean?"

"No, sir. Altered the pictures. I'll swear—" Hunt gulped. He put a hand on Sir Charles's arm.

"Do you see them too, sir?"

Obviously the man had been drinking.

"I see," said Sir Charles coldly, "that you are pointing at G. F. Watts' 'Hope.' And when you wave your arm like that, you embrace also Burne-Jones's 'The Mermaid.'" He moved nearer to 'The Mermaid.' She was dragging down the body of a man, her hair floating straight behind her, with all the bubbles rising and a light below the surface of the sea. "Charming," said Sir Charles. "I really don't see, Hunt, why you are grimacing at Sargent's Ellen Terry. He may be new-school, but he can paint."

"Then you do see them," Hunt said. He had ceased to look at the pictures. He was looking at Sir Charles. His face changed, becoming suddenly very sad and old. (Why *had* Hunt grown old all at once like this, Sir Charles wondered peevishly.)

"See them?" he repeated. "When I come to the Academy I usually see pictures. And if you will permit me,

I should like to stroll through the other rooms on my way out."

"No, sir," said Hunt quietly. "I shouldn't do that, sir, if I were you."

Sir Charles had forgotten the foreboding. It came back to him now, with his sudden and greater fatigue. He was not impatient with Hunt any more. The shadows had deepened about them both. "Do you perhaps mean," he said, "that the pictures in the other rooms wouldn't be the same?"

Hunt shook his head. "I don't think so, sir."

"Not like these?"

"I should say probably not, sir."

"H'm," said Sir Charles. He glanced through the darkening archway. He could see nothing in the further room.

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "I rather thought they might not be."

Hunt was silent. Sir Charles remembered that he must hurry. "Anyway," he said, "I shall have to come back another day. Time to be going. I mustn't keep her ladyship waiting."

Now, despite the shadow, he saw Hunt's face clearly, a frightened face, mouthing at him.

Sir Charles could not stay. Beatrice hated him to keep her waiting. She would forgive him if he told her that he was tired. Tired? He was not tired any more. He ran out and down the staircase. He felt curiously light-hearted; curiously peaceful, as happy as though he had not seen Beatrice for a long time and was especially grateful for her now.

There was nobody on the stairs. He must be the last to leave. He could see the wide, empty hall, the gold light outside. He halted suddenly, half-way down the staircase. He had remembered the hansom; the odd-looking driver.

"I have kept him a long time. I hope he has waited. Oh, he will. I didn't pay him. By Jove," Sir Charles recollected, "I believe I came out without any money. I meant to cash a cheque at Cox's after lunch. Silly. Could have cashed one at the club if I had thought of it." He fumbled

in his pocket. He could not find so much as a penny. "Damn," said Sir Charles, still feeling gay and inconsequent. "Perhaps that fool Hunt has some change. Hullo, what's this?"

There were two coins in his left-hand pocket. He drew them out and looked at them. They were no coins he knew. They were dull, thick, whitish-coloured, oddly inscribed. He stood very still, staring at them on the palm of his hand.

"Those will do," he heard himself say, as he strode to the top of the steps.

There was no hansom waiting for him. There was now no courtyard fronting Burlington House. From the foot of the steps to the horizon, a broad river flowed under the setting sun. The water lapped, bright gold, to his feet. When he lifted his head, he could not see to the other side; the light dazzled him.

A barge lay beside the steps and in the stern of the barge a man, gracefully poised, leaning upon the pole, looked at him kindly. Sir Charles saw the curved profile and the quiet eyes. He remembered.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," he said.

The man smiled and did not speak; he extended his hand, palm upward, as though for payment.

Sir Charles gave him the two obols and stepped into the boat.

The Theatre

PARNELL. BY ELSIE SCHAUFFLER. *New Theatre.*

IT IS a reflection on our playwrights that the best plays are generally founded on a basis of fact. There seems no obvious reason why the creation of drama should not be equally effective with the material of fictitious persons and situations; but the fact remains that nowadays it very rarely is.

The difficulty which this play had in obtaining public production perhaps illustrates why it is that the standard of production in the contemporary theatre is no higher than it is.

Parnell is a good play because it is rich in dramatic conflict. Historically it leaves something to be desired. The picture of Captain O'Shea is, if not an unfair portrait, at any rate one taken from a partisan standpoint. Orthodox Liberals at any rate could hardly be expected to accept the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which shows more than a hint of hypocrisy. Nor is there any historical foundation for Mrs. O'Shea's apparent physical repugnance for her husband. In point of historical fact an interesting side-light on the Parnell-O'Shea situation is that Mrs. O'Shea continued marital relationships on her visits to her husband after she was established as Parnell's mistress. But a little historical inaccuracy can be forgiven, at any rate by the general public, if the dramatic situations are powerful, the scenes of conflict acute and interpretation of character intelligent. These requirements are fulfilled successfully by the play at the New Theatre.

The dual dangers of a play with a theme like "Parnell" are that, on the one hand the effort to interpret the stark emotional situations may lead to over-emphasis, and on the other that a restrained performance may fail to carry conviction. The cast at the New Theatre, admirably produced by Mr. Norman Marshall, chose the path of restraint and it is the best tribute to the technical excellence of Miss Schauffler's play that the script enabled them to do this without lessening anything of the inherent strength of the drama.

The chief histrionic triumph was that of Miss Rawlings, whose range is extraordinarily wide and who can move from mood to mood with a sureness of touch that carries complete conviction. Mr. Goldie as Parnell I found rather wooden. This was no doubt in an effort to portray Parnell's aloofness; but the result was that he conveyed the aloofness, which was incidental to the man, and failed to suggest the force of leadership, which was his fundamental characteristic.

Of the other characters Miss Vanne's portrait of a lovable but caustic old tyrant gives a vigorous and effective interpretation to a

part, which contained most of the light relief. Miss Toska Bissing played a similar part with verve and spirit. Mr. Arthur Young made a praiseworthy attempt to portray Mr. Gladstone, but was handicapped by being too young for the part.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THE HOUSEMASTER. BY IAN HAY. *Apollo Theatre.*

This is a very amusing trifle which moves along with a satisfactory quickness from situation to situation and joke to joke. Some of the lines are really funny and the dialogue is never allowed to hang fire. The play is about the conflict between a housemaster of the old school (no theories but a good deal of understanding) and a head master of the new school (all theories and no humanity). The conflict is satisfactorily ended by the appointment, through the machinations of Sir Berkeley Nightingale, a politician uncle to a most sophisticated 6th-former, of the headmaster as a Suffragan Bishop, and the appointment of the housemaster to take his place. But this does not happen until we have had many variations on the school theme which is pleasantly complicated by the incursion of a the feminine element in the shape of the housemaster's three irrepressible nieces. If I have a complaint at all against this play it is that their irrepressibility detracts a little from the realism, which the rest of the play most admirably maintains. But it is a play to see if one wants to be amused, and not more than faintly stimulated to thought. Amongst the cleverest lines is that in which the housemaster on being asked which he thinks are the five most dangerous years of a woman's life replies " from twenty to twenty-five " ; to which he gets the answer " If you were a woman you would know that the five most dangerous years are from twenty-nine to thirty." The play is well produced and very competently acted especially by Mr. Frederick Reister as the housemaster, and Mr. J. H. Roberts as another housemaster.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

Literary Supplement

MARLBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. VOLUME III. By the RIGHT HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, C.H., M.P. *Harrap.* 25s.

THIS VOLUME deals with the apogee of Marlborough's career; the betrayal of James II is past by twenty years, while the hesitations and double-dealing of the last days of Anne's reign still lie ahead. This is the period of Ramillies and Oudenarde, and there is thus an opportunity for brilliant narrative of which Mr. Churchill takes full advantage. The campaigns and descriptions of battles are, in particular, admirably done, and they can be followed by the merest novice in strategy and tactics.

When Marlborough's difficulties, both at home and in the field, are taken into account, it is marvellous that he ever achieved anything at all. He dared not risk a defeat, and his control over the composite forces under his command was due to his personality: compared with Frederick, Napoleon, or even Foch he was as the President of the French Republic is to Herr Hitler. As to war itself, soldiers still made it like gentlemen, and Mr. Churchill relates a charming story of Lord Orkney, who was a Huguenot refugee, being captured by his fellow-countrymen and then allowed to escape, because they knew that he must otherwise suffer death as a traitor to the French King.

Apart from one or two quite minor points, the only criticism that can be brought against Mr. Churchill is that in his defence of his great ancestor he does not always allow for the Tory point of view. After all, the Whigs completely changed the object of the war during the period covered by this volume: it began to preserve the balance of power, and it was transformed into a conflict to impose on the Spaniards a monarch whom they did not want. The Whigs, in short, drifted into a position when their policy was war for war's sake. A satisfactory peace could almost certainly, as St. John maintained, have been made in 1706—but then so it could in 1917, so little do we profit by the lessons of history.

It is not without interest to find Mr. Churchill a partisan of Harley, that eighteenth-century Baldwin, and it whets the appetite for what is to come in the next volume when his contest with St. John must be described. For the rest, these pages contain the story of one of the most glorious periods in the national history, and they are by the pen of a master. CHARLES PETRIE.

WILLIAM HOGARTH—1697–1764.
THE COCKNEYS MIRROR. By MAJORIE BOWEN. *Methuen.* 16s.

MISS MARJORIE BOWEN writes of the Hogarthian scene with knowledge and imagination. In an admirable foreword she reconstructs

the London of the first half of the eighteenth century, and shows the debt owed by posterity to the genius of the artist. Such a study demanded the inclusion of anecdotes of the principal characters, real and imaginary, as well as an account of the technique pursued.

By referring to the social conditions and the art of former times, we of the present age are the better equipped to read the signs of our own day. Thus authentic researches of the type undertaken by the author are more than welcome. Once again, in the pages of Miss Bowen's book, Hogarth stands erect, the father of English portraiture and the recorder of everyday affairs of his period. His paintings large and small have a quality which even the critical Sir Joshua Reynolds and the fastidious Horace Walpole failed to perceive. Perhaps the true secret of his extraordinary fame is due to the appeal of his work to other minds.

Hogarth's view of his surroundings was akin to that possessed by Fielding the magistrate, the difference of power being that the painter could depict contemporary events in a plastic medium. His genius lit up equally life both good and evil, the garret no less than the stuccoed saloon. London was his *camera obscura*, he turned the light upon the daily round as much for his own amusement as for the satisfaction of the world at large. There was no other European painter at that time, with the exception of the Dutchman, Cornelis Troost, who could compete with him. The "Hogarthian scene," which social historians associate with the reign of the first and second of the Georges, cannot be detached from the context of the eighteenth century at will. It was essentially part of the transition of the nation from the medieval to the modern, as the development of social life and customs shows. When Hogarth was at his zenith as a painter London was already undergoing a metamorphosis. The improvement in social conditions which began by the middle of the eighteenth century has since continued, without cessation, to these days. Clearly we cannot accept the theory that Hogarth's scene was either exceptional or that it was universal. Neither should the comparative proximity of the countryside to the London streets be forgotten. Hogarth himself paid no small tribute to the temper of his fellow Londoners when he placed his satirical plates on the market.

Miss Marjorie Bowen, while a devoted student of the period, has slightly over-emphasized the fantasies that Hogarth limned. This in itself is a minor fault and in view of the material provided by such a master as Hogarth the narrative is impartial.

Not only will *The Cockneys Mirror* appeal to the student of London for "The Scene 1697–1764" but it will be regarded as a guide to those who specialize in the history of English Art. The account of "The Painter" is an admirable example of condensed

biography. The section devoted to the ccharacters, real and imaginary, forms a delectable and entertaining chapter. Finally there is a short account of " The Workmanship " which should be read in connection with visits to those Museums and Galleries containing examples of Hogarth's paintings.

Messrs. Methuen have produced the book in their usual admirable manner. The grouping of thirty-three gravure plates at the end, together with the index and bibliography, make reference easy. This is a book for the student, the amateur, and for general reading.

A. E. RICHARDSON.

THE CONQUEST OF MOROCCO. By VICE-ADMIRAL C. V. USBORNE, C.B., C.M. *Stanley Paul.* 18*s.*

ADMIRAL USBORNE has set himself to a most intricate task and one badly needing to be done in English, and in a manner presentable to the British reader. His *Conquest of Morocco* will remain for many years as the classic on the subject for which reference libraries as well as armchair readers have been looking. In the first place few know the size of Morocco and how complicated is both her ancient and her recent history. Most of us have forgotten the Moroccan question that was so acute in the last decade of the nineteenth century and our policy of an independent Morocco, of the troubles with Germany or the establishment of a French protectorate. But there is much more to it than that, for there is the German intrigue during the World War, the Spanish area and the disaster to her troops therein in the years after the War, the insulting of the great Marshal Lyautey by the French Socialist Government, the Riff campaign, and the institution of admirable government and development. All these points are dealt with at considerable length, and with clarity, commencing with an introduction that deals with ancient Morocco, as an opening to two parts *The Diplomatic Conquest* and *The Military Pacification*. The former story is not always to the credit of Europe and the Admiral has some trenchant remarks to make. In an excellent foreword Mr. David Lloyd George recognizes, despite his Liberal outlook and intent, that ancient Kingdoms with ruthless rule must conform to modern ways and open their gates to trade and modern movement, or go under. Incidentally not everyone will agree with the foreword that the Berbers, who still form the ethnological bulk, added a new word to the vocabulary of Rome. Most of us remember *Oi barbaroi*, and would place the new word earlier. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Morocco was a terrible thorn in the ocean trade of the west, her cities filled with Christian slaves snatched from the sea. In dwelling on the ripostes of Europe and the unbearable cruel ties

of Moroccan rule, the Admiral omits the occasion, after the French Wars, when the Dey of Algier's cup was full and a British and Dutch Fleet under Lord Exmouth took Algiers (there is clasp therefore on the old Naval Medal). But similar provocations led the French to conquer Algiers in 1837, and start that African Empire and that long series of wars of pacification, which have built up a special military school and tradition. The Arab and Moorish opposition was extremely obdurate.

The whole story of the years that followed is too intricate to unfold here, but the constant political moves and countermoves, the British policy finally changed to a complete accord with France on all colonial questions, the German Emperor's attempt to interfere, and then later the Agadir Incident, that awoke England from her slumber to the war that was ahead, are all succinctly explained. Finally we come to the great war with the Riff and Abdel Krim, who in India we should call Abdul Karim, the French under Pétain, the Spanish under Primo de Riviera, campaigns of great complexity and endurance both of rebels and troops. The life work of Lyautey is dwelt on with admiration and sympathy, and the French as colonial administrators and soldiers receive their due mede of praise. The bringing back of the Marshal from his tomb in Nancy Cathedral to a resting place of honour in his beloved Rabat is a suitable finale to a long and interesting story, admirably told. One criticism there must be. In a book of this sort a good index is essential. The copious index here has been badly done. You will look in vain for instance to any reference to Spain with which the book is full, while the references against important off-recurring names is futile. If you want to find some stage in Lyautey's career from the index it is impossible. Dozens of numbers of pages, yes! Any indication of what you want, No! SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN. By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI. *Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

IT USED to be a common argument that by means of votes and the occupation of public positions by women, their essential interests would be better represented and secured. That this argument was a fraud is now abundantly clear. For everywhere the influence of the feminist is to make women not feminine but masculine. The object of the feminist is that woman should be regarded precisely as if she were a man. The feminist is not concerned with woman's instincts and physical demands and their fruition in a life of contentment, but on every subject the test put by the feminist seems to be: Is this good for a man? If so, then it is good for a woman. Does this harm a man? If not, then it does not harm a woman. So that

whether it be a matter of games, university education, or birth control, women are taught to assume that the purely masculine point of view is sufficient for them.

A vast majority of men and women in England are ignorant of the terrible effects upon and around them that arise from this obviously false identification of woman with man. And surely the seriousness of the subject is such that, however predisposed any of us may be, we cannot shut our eyes to a plain and indisputable statement of facts and marshalling of evidence. Almost alone, Mr. Ludovici has for many years taken up the cudgels on behalf of woman. The conclusions of this, his latest book, are supported by established authorities in gynæcology. And no reader could be left in doubt that here is a man who has scrupulously investigated the position of the feminist and the effect on woman herself of her supposed emancipation, with the sole object of arriving at and stating the truth.

Without pretending to sum up his conclusions, let us take one subject, namely, birth control. The feminist seems to suppose that to deny a woman children somehow confers fuller rights upon her. In support of his case, the feminist makes assertions about the brute man having the best out of life and condemning woman to suffer. Mr. Ludovici points out that unless from some such cause as malformation or being past the most suitable age in the case of her first labour, a woman ought to enjoy having children : for after all, she is physically constructed for the purpose. The age after which the conditions of her first labour become unfavourable is, on an authorative yet conservative estimate, twenty-three. Consequently by sending our most marriageable girls to universities to behave like men and generally discouraging early marriage, it is the feminist himself who violates their rights, in place of which he promises them miseries in childbirth to the detriment of themselves and their children. No doubt he will object that every woman cannot have a husband ; and that those who have, cannot afford large families ; and therefore he advocates commercialization and " free love " for the one and birth control for both. And the argument goes that families must be limited for economic reasons. But if we really wanted a happy and healthy people we would bring our economic system into line and not frustrate the race for a system. These remedies do not save woman ; and before she is invited to take up such a life in preference to that of her grandmother, it would seem only fair that she should have put before her the suffering that it will almost inevitably cause her. This the feminist never tells. Mr. Ludovici provides a light in the midst of thick darkness on the subject, which is all the more reason why his book should be widely read.

CHARLES CHALLEN.

LIFE LAW AND LETTERS. BY E. S. P. HAYNES. *Heinemann* 7*s.* 6*d.*

WITH HIS new book Mr. Haynes has come out into the open. The *Lawyer's Note Books* which were enthusiastically received, devoured and constantly returned to by the discriminating reading public were published anonymously. But their authorship was an open secret. The literary *cognoscenti* had no difficulty in identifying the author of so much wit and wisdom. The new volume is well up to the standard of the *Lawyer's Note Books* and we are again alternately entertained by Mr. Haynes's epigrams and narrative of odd experiences and stimulated by his scholarship and provocative and informed opinions on matters of public interest.

That there are barbs to Mr. Haynes's wit can be seen from the following: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people is a resounding catch-word; but perhaps in present circumstances it means little more than Government of the cad, by the cad, for the cad."

But sometimes Mr. Haynes's humour is fun for the sake of fun; and always his learning and classical scholarship is easily worn and attractively displayed. One tiny correction for future editions; it would have been the Berkeley Buttery and not the Berkeley Buffet to which the young lady received her luncheon invitation.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

A SHORT HISTORY OF INDIA. By W. H. MORELAND and SIR ATUL CHATTERJEE. *Longmans, Green.* 15*s.*

SOUTHERN INDIA. By GILBERT SLATER. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

LANCER AT LARGE. By F. YEATS-BROWN. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

DIAMONDS AS DUST. By BARON JEAN PELLENC. *John Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE DUST of India has been swept from the debating halls and committee rooms of Westminster. But it will return. The fortunes of Great Britain and India—so unlike in their sympathies, their aims and their temperaments—are still linked together. It is this inseparable link which justifies the short history ably written by Mr. W. H. Moreland and Sir Atul Chatterjee. Hitherto it has seemed impossible that an Englishman and an Indian should collaborate in writing any history of India. For the average Indian history in India begins with a golden age when men were not corrupted by their conquerors. It was an age when the "natural man" of Rousseau flourished without let or hindrance. For the average Englishman history in India begins with Clive and Warren Hastings and ends with a Viceroy in knee-breeches reciting the benefits which the British have conferred upon the country in which they found their jobs.

Both Mr. Moreland and Sir Atul Chatterjee are far too intelligent for fairy-tales. Mr. Moreland, one of the ablest of Indian Civil Servants, never had any illusions about the British *raj*. Like the curate's egg, it was good only in parts. And perhaps—again like the curate's egg—it had to be a little cracked in order to be digested, let alone appreciated. No doubt, Mr. Moreland enjoyed his collaboration with an Indian. As a former High Commissioner in London and now senior member of the Council of India, Sir Atul Chatterjee lays himself open to the charge that he is an " anglicized " Indian, repeating British views. But " indianized " Indians will have to write a history as scrupulously fair and as honest as this one before they can hope to deprive Sir Atul Chatterjee of his credentials.

Dr. Gilbert Slater writes more or less retrospectively of the country he knew intimately before 1921, when he was Professor of Indian Economics in Madras University. He left India, in fact, before the *satyagraha* movement had died down, and the great figures of Lord Reading's Viceroyalty seem to assume an importance which the contemporary stage scarcely justifies ; and when he writes that Mysore—the best governed of all the Indian States—is " entirely free in all its internal affairs as long as it makes a definite small contribution to the expense of general defence," he obviously does not realize how deeply the modern Mysorean resents the payment of a definitely large annual subsidy. It is this subsidy which is still preventing the Maharajah from giving an undertaking that he will enter the future federation.

As a book *Southern India* has many faults. It is donnish and tiresomely autobiographical. Dr. Slater has relied too much upon his letters home. None the less, it is packed with valuable information, as when one leaves its pages for those of *Lancer at Large*, one enters a world where facts must give place to fantasy. *Lancer at Large* has already had many readers, for it is a reprint of the articles which appeared recently in the *Spectator*. One impression follows another. The reader does not ask for consistency. But in writing of Bombay Mr. Yeats-Brown comes nearest to expressing his fundamental attitude to India. " Climate," he says, " is the key to many things about India. We British took this land because the races that had conquered it before had become exhausted by the heat. We continue here because we renew our vitality by returning constantly to our native country."

And, strangely enough, Baron Jean Pellenc says very much the same thing. Few travellers to India can have been less perplexed than he by the pressure of the political problem. For him this absorbing problem scarcely exists. For him the light shines upon those ancient toilers and craftsmen who flourished before men in

the British Isles felt the touch of civilization and who will survive the Briton's fall. His literary forerunner is Pierre Loti, who chose to write of India without the English. Yet this unpolitical writer reveals almost for the first time the secret of British success. It is work. Had the English been a little more artistic, a little more generous and sympathetic, India would have made them captive. Work saved them. Work made the British *raj*.

GLORNEY BOLTON.

HINDENBURG—THE WOODEN TITAN. By JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

THERE ARE two main schools of modern biography, one—christened by Mr. Philip Guedalla " the private secretary's attitude " —the other, that of the professional " debunker." Although he has been dead little over two years Hindenburg has suffered from each. It has remained for Mr. Wheeler-Bennett to redress the balance. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has few illusions with regard to the subject of his biography. When he first heard a German naval officer of great distinction say :

" Hindenburg's record is a bad one. Ludendorff won his battles for him, and he betrayed Ludendorff ; the Kaiser made him a Field Marshal, and he betrayed the Kaiser ; the Right elected him in 1925 and he betrayed the Right ; the Left elected him in 1932 and he has betrayed the Left " ; his first reaction was a shock to his beliefs. For the author, as for most detached observers, the old Field Marshal appeared as the very quintessence of the patriot German, loyal and faithful, the granite rock against which the waves of war and revolution and national disaster beat in vain.

As Mr. Wheeler-Bennett examined his hero more closely, however, he came to the conclusion that there was much that was superficially just in the naval officer's verdict. The Hindenburg Legend was a myth created for propaganda purposes in a time of national crisis. His great victory at Tannenberg on which the reputation of the unknown and retired Lt.-General has been founded, was not by rights really his. It was his preoccupation with the Eastern Front which paralysed the West in the early stages of the war, his subservience in all things to Ludendorff, who wore the trousers in their " happy marriage," which kept a million men engaged in crackbrained schemes in the East when a hundred thousand of them might have completed the defeat of the British in March, 1918. It was Hindenburg's refusal to tell the truth to his Supreme War Lord which made the efforts of Prince Max of Baden to save the Monarchy unavailing ; Hindenburg's indecision which sent the Kaiser from Spa to Amerongen ; Hindenburg who dismissed with curt brutality

Gröner and Brüning and Schleicher, all of whom had once trusted him, and enjoyed his confidence. He who delivered his Nationalist friends and supporters bound into the arms of the Nazis, some to be shot down on 30th June, others to linger in concentration camps for no other reason than that they had voted for him and believed in him.

But there is the other side of the picture. It is difficult to debunk somebody who knows that the Legend built up round him is itself bunk. Hindenburg had no illusions about himself. Like the sons of Gama Rex " on the whole he was not intelli-gent." But he had the perception to know that he was not. " Remember," he admonished his friends who crowded round him with congratulations, " if Tannenberg had not gone well for us, there would have been a name cursed by all Germans through eternity : the name of Hindenburg."

Hindenburg knew perfectly well that his dispositions in East Prussia had already been made for him before ever he arrived on ground which—*pace* Lord Tweedsmuir he had never seen before—by Colonel Hoffmann, the greatest genius of the triple combination HLH (Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Hoffmann). He was a rubber stamp perhaps—but something more than a rubber stamp. The greatness of Hindenburg lay in certain personal qualities in his character ; his iron nerves which were unaffected at the greatest moments of crisis, his simple loyalties (though these could be, and often were, changed by the more masterful subordinates who always surrounded him) and above all, the feeling of confidence which his vast Teutonic solidity inspired in the German people.

Never was there a man more personally modest who less desired the trappings of greatness. At Spa during the War he used to say " As soon as peace is signed I shall ride with the Emperor through the Brandenburger Tor to the palace and take part in the festivities there ; then I shall take a cab to the station, go back to my dear old wife, and no one will ever see me again." Fate for him decreed otherwise. Hindenburg was the victim of circumstance and the adulation of his fellow countrymen. A soldier, he was made into a politician, a fundamentally honest man his great name was used as a cloak for the pretensions of the Supreme Command and the intrigues of less worthy men.

The gigantic statue in wood erected in the Siegesallee during the War has provided Mr.-Wheeler Bennett in this admirable book both with a *leitmotif* and an epitaph. " Throughout he remained a Wooden Titan, a giant among men, but a dumb giant."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

LOCARNO: A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS. By DR. F. J. BERBER. *Hodge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE PERIOD from 1919 to 1936, covered in this collection of Documents made by Dr. Berber, represents the period of so-called "Open Diplomacy," and the Locarno Pact of 1925 was hailed as the supreme justification of this method of conducting the affairs of nations *coram publico*. Dr. Berber's volume, issued under the auspices of the Academy of Political Science, Berlin, and the Institute for Foreign Affairs, Hamburg, of which the compiler is Director, appears opportunely enough at a moment when negotiations are beginning for a "new Locarno." No student of the situation can afford to neglect this Collection which should be read in the light of the British Blue Book (Cmd. 5143; 1*s.* 6*d.*) of April, 1936.

In an admirably firm and concise Preface, Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, Ambassador of the Reich at the Court of St. James', reveals the purpose of this book and the moral to be drawn from its contents—it is a far more complete assembly of evidence than the Blue Book of April, 1936, and it will, I believe, be admitted that Dr. Berber has every right to claim that he has been guided throughout by the principle of scientific objectivity.

Marshal Foch's memorandum to the inter-allied powers of January, 1919, with which the book begins, recreates the atmosphere of Versailles, and it is with something of a shock that one realizes the mixture of venom and apprehension which went to the making of the Peace Treaty. Such an atmosphere could not produce a helpful result but it did, inevitably, open the way for such a movement as that of Herr Hitler and assist materially in ensuring its ultimate triumph. That moment was now arrived and, whatever the legal niceties may be, the sequence of events which followed: Germany's re-armament; withdrawal from the League; refusal to take part in complicated "Pacts of Regional Assistance" and, finally, her re-occupation of the demilitarized zone, has proceeded with clockwork precision. Their failure to provoke a conflict is the measure of their justice in the eyes of the peoples, if not of the politicians, of Europe.

France has always demanded guarantees of absolute security, but she has intended to secure a mastery in Europe and this has weakened her case in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The conclusion of the Franco-Soviet Pact, following French tergiversation in the Italo-Abyssinian imbroglio, came as an additional disappointment to friends of France in this country, and it by no means assisted the French plea for the sanctity of treaties when M. Maxim Litvinoff was revealed as her chief advocate. Two claims emerge from these documents; the claim of Europe for security and the claim of Germany for justice, and if they appear, at the

moment, to be irreconcilable it is largely because the shadow of Bolshevism dominates Geneva and has extended to Paris and London.

Nothing healthy for Europe can emerge from a League of Nations which has assumed the mantle of a "Popular Front."

DAVID WOODFORD.

RECENT PHILOSOPHY. By PROFESSOR JOHN LAIRD. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. *Thornton Butterworth Ltd.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THIS little book takes a good deal for granted in the reader. It is fair to say that anyone picking it up with the object of learning something concerning the trend of recent philosophy would find it almost unintelligible had he not already read and digested Mr. Webb's *A History of Philosophy to* 1910 in the same series and did he not also possess some knowledge of the various controversial questions discussed. These conditions fulfilled, however, it makes exciting and highly informative reading, particularly as Professor Laird is never dull. It was above all comforting for one like the present writer, who has long been a convinced determinist, to find in this compact little treatise an able refutation of the standpoint that Heisenberg's "uncertainty principle" knocks the bottom out of determinism—a standpoint that has enjoyed a great vogue among the pseudo-mysticists with which the modern world abounds, and has been made to serve the purpose of many a hooligan attack on science from the quarter of emotionalism and superstition.

ANTHONY LUDOVICI.

THE DANCE OF THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

COLLECTED POEMS. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. *Duckworth* 15*s.*

The Dance of the Quick and the Dead is a book which can be neither classified nor summarized. The only clue to its quality is the name of the author. Readers of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's other prose works, such as *All Summer in a Day* and *Southern Baroque Art* will be able to anticipate from these the manner and style of his latest excursion in prose. Like these, *The Dance of the Quick and the Dead* is an intensely personal adventure. It contains ideas and observations, but expounds no thesis, and tells no story. Its sequences, the significance of each part in its place, must be apprehended or guessed at by the wits and the imagination, and cannot be construed by the intellect.

A glance at the contents gives some indication of the diversity of material employed in this work, which the author describes as an attempt to "give vitality to the past while combining it with. . .

the 'continuous present'." We start with "A Picture of the Present", in which we pass from Hogarth's Gin Lane, via Picasso, motoring, the habit of understatement, surrealism, leisure, Picasso, Dali, Miro, Stravinski, to a description of the mountain villages of the Tyrol and the horticultural hobbies of the working classes in the early nineteenth century. Then comes "The Triumph of Death (after the picture by Breugel)", a brilliant translation of that masterpiece into verbal terms. There follow two more parts occupying about two-thirds of the book wherein a bewildering succession of scenes are depicted. Louis Quinze supping at Louveciennes (chosen by the author to serve as "the symbol of emptiness"); the ceremony of suttee enacted on the banks of the Ganges; Rosetti's wife dining with Swinburne; Bach's workshop; Maoris hunting that gigantic and extinct bird the Moa; Kean acting Shakespeare; and many others more curious and unexpected which there is no room to catalogue here. Finally there is a gruesome account of English prisons in the 'thirties and 'forties, and of the penal settlements in the Antipodes, full of nauseating details of torture, flogging, and bestial degradation. This part is appropriately entitled "Purgatorio".

These "lucky dip" selections from the raw material of Mr. Sitwell's book are not intended as anything in the nature of a summary. They are merely intended to indicate the range of its references, and perhaps a hint of its technique. (In passing it may also be observed that much of this *material* is itself *art*, to which may be attributed the so to speak "inbred" characteristics of Mr. Sitwell's work in general). This is essentially a book of *scenes*—Mr. Sitwell excels in pictorial description; of scenes following one another like a series of dreams, the significance of which, as stated above, it is left to the reader's wits to catch and supply.

The question might be asked: What is the advantage in this style of writing? Mr. Sitwell says: "The chief problem before the author has been to create for himself the opportunities for the kind of writing that comes easy to him." That is certainly fair enough as a personal explanation—and it would be stupid to *complain* of what he has given us. The critical query, however, remains. Put more precisely, is prose the best medium for the sort of effects Mr. Sitwell is aiming to produce? In the present reviewer's opinion it is not. Prose is more adapted for statement and argument, than for suggestion. Lacking the incantatory possibilities and the succinctness of verse, it is apt to become diffuse and overloaded when it attempts "poetic" effects. Readers might conveniently test their own reactions to this proposition by comparing *The Dance of the Quick and the Dead* with Mr. Sitwell's own *Collected Poems*.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

VOLTAIRE. By ALFRED NOYES. *Sheed & Ward.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE INFLUENCE of Voltaire and Rousseau upon the religious, political and social fabric of Europe has long caused them to be acclaimed as pioneers and leaders by the forces of Radicalism and anti-Clericalism.

In a photograph of a " Popular Front " demonstration recently held in Paris, placards bearing the names and portraits of Voltaire and Rousseau shared with similar placards of Karl Marx, Lénin and Stalin, the honour of being attached by ropes to the foot of the Column in the Place de la Bastille.

Not long ago Hollywood—aided by the undoubted genius of Mr. George Arliss—offered to the world a Californian interpretation of Voltaire, thanks to which one cannot help feeling that in the minds of thousands of " film-fans " Voltaire will become merged in a multiple figure, including elements of Disraëli and the Rothschilds, whom they will identify impartially with a hatred of bigotry, the purchase of the Suez Canal shares and the victory of Waterloo.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, who merits but we fear does not enjoy so large a public as Mr. Arliss, has now written a biography of Voltaire which, apart from being a well constructed and scholarly work, is designed to show that Voltaire was not, as is commonly supposed, the mocker and arch-enemy of religion. That he had an ironical and bitter humour of which he made free use in works which contain many passages marked with impiety, Mr. Noyes does not attempt to deny, but he sets against these a wealth of well-marshalled quotations which go far to show the truth of Condorcet's opinion that Voltaire was a profoundly religious man. It must be left to those who will be most deeply concerned to decide whether, or not, Voltaire died a Catholic, but one feels that one can safely say that he was the enemy of what in the Church was unworthy, rather than of the Church itself.

Nevertheless there can be little doubt that the Encyclopedists served to destroy a decaying system without leaving anything which could serve as a guide to those who had to replace the ruins with a new edifice. As Macaulay very justly observes in his essay on Ranke's *Lives of the Popes*: "... the doctrines of Voltaire were inherited and exaggerated by successors, who bore to him the same relation which the Anabaptists bore to Luther and the Fifth-Monarchy Men to Pym." These men were the seed from which emerged the revolutionary Liberalism of the nineteenth century, and their efforts paved the way for those doctrines which now inspire the agents of World Revolution.

If Mr. Noyes has committed any error it consists in heightening

the lustre of his central figure by rather too wholesale a blackening of the background.

It is magnanimous to remove from Voltaire the stigma of a mere scoffer, but it is dangerous at the same time to ignore the possibility of there having been and indeed of there still existing, a strong and valid case for the maintenance of those traditions and institutions upon which, with all their failings, the main fabric of our Western Culture was laboriously erected.

DAVID WOODFORD.

FANNY BURNEY. BY CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS the first full-length biography of Fanny Burney, and it sets a high standard of excellence for any successors it may have.

Fanny Burney is not promising material for the biographer—a rather negative, mouse-like creature, put in the shade by the brilliant men and women amongst whom she lived: moreover she was a voluminous, if unusually self-effacing diarist, herself.

Mr. Lloyd has given us what is probably a most accurate portrait of Fanny—shy, prudish, kindly, something of a snob, and yet capable of inspiring real affection and devotion, and in addition to this his book is a full and most entertaining review of her time and contemporaries. Mr. Lloyd's short account of Fanny's one ill-starred essay in playwriting, and the production of the tragedy *Edwy and Elgiva* at Drury Lane are piquant, and he quotes from a letter written by Mrs. Siddons, who took the leading part, to Mrs. Piozzi describing the performance: " the Audience were angelic, and only laughed where it was impossible to avoid it."

The first part of the book deals with Fanny's childhood—tells of parties at the Burney's house, and the celebrities who came to them—the young girl there taking mental notes, and not, fortunately for posterity, leaving it at that.

The second part introduces the author of Evelina—the literary lion—friend of Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds and Burke. Mrs. Thrale, too, comes rather tempestuously on the scene.

The third, and in some ways most interesting and entertaining, part of the book describes life at the Court of George III and his Queen, Charlotte, where Fanny held a post in the Queen's household, and was a general favourite.

Any affairs of the heart she had were mild and unturbulent, and she settled down at the age of forty to what Mr. Lloyd calls love in a cottage with a penniless French *emigri* of good family, General D'Arblay: in this section there are references to Talleyrand, Lafayette and Mme. de Staël, all of whom were known to Fanny.

The last chapter of all where Fanny has outlived her husband, her son, most of her family, and the era to which, historically, she belonged is excellent.

Mr. Lloyd has had access to unpublished letters dealing with Fanny's life, and he writes consistently well, and with the authority and zest of one who really knows his subject.

E. M. RAMSDEN.

FROM RICHARDSON TO PINERO. BY FREDERICK S. BOAS. *John Murray.* 8*s.* 6*d*

THIS ADMIRABLE collection of essays includes discussions of Richardson's novels, Wordsworth's poems, Kean's acting, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's verse and prose, Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian Legend, Matthew Arnold's verse. These appear to be diverse subjects but Professor Boas discovers a unifying interest in so far as they show " some form of innovation, independence, or idealism."

The essay on Richardson is stimulating, and for " an age which leaves ' Sir Charles Grandison ' on the shelves " should serve as an excellent introduction to Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles. In the essay on Thackeray it is interesting to catch a glimpse of a world of absolute virtues, certainty of what is good or bad, confidence in " merit," no doubt of the motives activating the human heart. If Thackeray's praise of Pope shows unconsciousness of Wordsworth's attack on " poetic diction," he seems also unconscious of the moral and political doubts assailing Wordsworth.

The next essay discusses Wordsworth's attitude to the French Revolution and to the conflict with Napoleon, and mention is made of " the strikingly parallel European situation between 1914 and 1918." But in the light of what is happening in Europe to-day this essay has an even greater interest. The same thing may be said of the essay on Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It illustrates her moral and political ideas and, with a quotation from a letter of hers, " . . . we know nothing of what people will do when they aspire to Liberty. The holiness of liberty is desecrated by the sign of the ass's hoof " links us and our interests of to-day with this poet of nearly a hundred years ago.

Professor Boas defends and praises Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian Legend. But here we find it difficult to agree. If in the Seint Greal Llacheu, Amhar and Gwydre are sons of Arthur and Gwenhwyvar, and if we read again the amusing dialogue between " Arthur and his second wife Gwenhwyvar " in the Myvyrian Archaiology, the " poetic splendour " Professor Boas speaks of seems gone out of the last dialogue between Tennyson's hero and heroine, and in the face of so much idealism and sentiment our

inclination is to quote Montaigne : " . . . and sit we upon the highest throne of the world, yet sit we only upon our own tail."

We recommend these essays because they are not only good reading in and for themselves, they do us the excellent service of sending us back to the original work with our interest rekindled and burning brightly. E. WARINGTON SMYTH.

OUR FREEDOM AND ITS RESULTS. By FIVE WOMEN. Edited by R. STRACHEY. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THERE MAY be a twist of irony in the title, but *Our Freedom* takes a straightforward view of the Englishwoman's struggle for emancipation. The subject is treated with great honesty, and the writers have controlled their enthusiasm with the discipline of facts. No unbalanced arguments are advanced ; the value of woman's active share in the responsibilities of citizenship is emphasized, but her apparent defects are weighed in equal scales with her latent attributes.

Post-war disillusionment reflects itself in the book as the writers enumerate hard-won privileges and the use that has been made of them, but evidence is given of definite progress towards a just ideal. It is difficult to forecast the future with any certainty. The compilers of *Our Freedom* stimulate speculation on the nature of the work that still lies before the British Women's Movement : " Over and above the contributions to public life they will make as citizens, concerned with problems equally affecting both sexes, what is the special contribution which should be looked for from women as women ? " Those feminists who want equality with men in terms of identity are no better than imitators ; new spheres of work needing the qualities characteristic of women remain to be discovered.

The five essays contained in the book are written by five distinguished ladies ; they have skilfully avoided poaching on each other's subject-matter and the editor, Ray Strachey, has inspired her fellow-contributors with a fine unity of purpose. The book combines single-mindedness with variety of experience and thought.

Changes in public and in social life, the extension of means of employment, the revolution in moral standards, are discussed with understanding knowledge. The present legal position is explained.

Women are best qualified to write of women and the book bears testimony to the sympathy with those who are oppressed (and the lack of a sense of humour !) which characterizes feminine nature. Already there is a difference in the public attitude towards questions of the morals, housing and health of the poorer classes, of child welfare and even of international peace.

The importance of the Women's Movement is greater than most

people realize. "*Our Freedom*" fulfills the need for a comprehensive review of present conditions and contains much that will arouse constructive thought.

H. CARRUTHERS.

THE KING'S LADIES. By D. PONSONBY SENIOR. *Robert Hale.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

IN *The King's Ladies* by Dorothy Ponsonby Senior, we are shown the life and character of Charles II from one aspect only—his attitude towards his mistresses, and their influence over him as man and king. Charles being neither continent nor faithful, the book does not lack in subject-matter. Rather does one congratulate Miss Ponsonby on her restraint and concision. From what must have been an endless search among manuscripts and authorities, she has quoted most sparingly. The book is wittily written, and never dull, for the long dead King and his ladies "live" as vital characters, not as mere names changing from a sea of dates; though mercifully Miss Senior has not turned them into fictitious figures, by wandering into a realm of fancy. On the contrary any definite statement is accompanied by a footnote, so the more incredulous reader may verify the accuracy of the information.

Second only in importance to the King, is Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, that beautiful, ill-tempered wanton, who, with her malice and extravagance played such a large part in his reign.

Less mention than might be expected is made of Nell Gwyn, the merry impudent little orange-girl, who, alone of his mistresses, loved Charles, the man. They are all here—the naughty Duchess of Portsmouth, humble Catherine Pegge, Frances Stuart, Lucie Walters, and the rest of the "King's Ladies."

Besides the lives and characters of these ladies, inevitably there is the background of the Court, and its intrigues; and London as it was at the time of the Restoration—a London violently reacting to the restraints of Puritanism to become the wildest, gayest and most corrupt of cities.

Most important, there is the character of Charles, himself—a trifle "white-washed" perhaps, his outstanding virtues were generosity, good-temper and a lively, if coarse, sense of humour.

Justly Miss Senior excuses much of his bitter cynicism on the plea of his early life and exile, and holds his mistresses, ministers and friends responsible for many of his shortcomings. Even she cannot excuse his attitude towards his Queen, the lonely and pathetic little Portuguese Princess, who, in spite of all the indignities he thrust upon her, loved him till the day of his death.

ISLA BELL

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY. By THEODORE FELSTEAD. *John Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE REAL biography of Bottomley has yet to be written. The primary interest which attaches to his involved and inconsequent career is a sociological one; that is to say the final and authoritative biography of Bottomley, if it ever comes to be written, will throw light on the point of greatest interest in his career. This is: how was it possible for a man, equipped only with his superficial gifts and handicapped by his record, to impose extensively and so successfully on an educated democracy? A book which portrayed Bottomley's life from this angle, and gave a satisfactory answer to this question, would add an interesting if not indispensable page to the social history of the last half century.

Mr. Felstead's book does not do this; he makes no claim to do so and has no apparent sociological pretensions. His book is pre-eminently a journalist's book. It is a collection of good stories brightly told in a breezy style perhaps more suited to the columns of the popular press than to the pages of biography. Some of the stories we seem to have met with before. Thus on page 295 " during his incarceration at the Scrubs Bottomley was largely employed in the making of mail bags. It was while he was so engaged one afternoon that a prison visitor saw him busily stitching away.

" Ah, Bottomley," he remarked brightly, " sewing? "

" No," grunted the old man, without looking up, " reaping."

This is a story that has been attributed to Hooley and indeed to most fashionable financial inmates of His Majesty's prisons.

The chief complaint against Mr. Felstead's bright book, taking it merely for what it purports to be, is his contempt for chronology. Serious biography is chronological narrative plus interpretation. Mr. Felstead does not pretend to serious biography and therefore we can excuse him interpretation. But no biography however light can afford to dispense with chronology. In the earlier part of Mr Felstead's book it is very difficult to know with what period of his subject's career we are concerned. Dates are but sparsely given, and Mr. Felstead has a tiresome habit at the end of each chapter of dipping into the future and extracting a scene from Bottomley's downfall; even the most striking antithesis is bound to pall if it is repeated *ad nauseam.*

There are various points of style, and minor points of fact on which one could correct Mr. Felstead. Thus, of course, it was Disraeli and not Lord Randolph Churchill who said of Gladstone that he was " inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." Nor incidentally is it customary to refer to Mr. Gladstone as William Ewart Gladstone. But it is a book not to be judged by exacting standards

because it does not pretend to satisfy them. As a cheerful and anecdotal record of the more obvious activities of a remarkable personality it is good entertainment for a lazy evening.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

INHALE AND EXHALE. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
LORDS AND MASTERS. By A. G. MACDONELL. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE KING SEES RED. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. *Chapman.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
VILLA ANODYNE. By PAMELA FRANKAU. *John Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
COCKALORUM. By HAMISH MACLAREN. *Peter Davies.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
SAMSON'S CIRCUS. By HOWARD SPRING. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE VIGOROUS efforts which American writers make to chase and catch their contemporary scene sometimes forces them into peculiar contortions. They chase after it with their limbs whirling and crash their butterfly nets down on its gaudy head. How often in the course of the chase, do they slip up, fall down and land in the dung heap of affectation and forced toughness? This is anyway one of the standards by which their ability and success can be measured. The stories in this new volume are a considerable improvement on Mr. Saroyan's first published collection, many of which suffered considerably from affectation and self-consciousness. The title *Inhale and Exhale*—suggests that Mr. Saroyan has gone about sniffing things in in order to blow them out and off again. There are forty-one stories and a lot of them are very good, and many of those that are good are funny. As a disciple of the direct method Mr. Saroyan takes a lot of beating. This is how he starts one story—"Five Ripe Pears"—"If old man Pollard is still alive I hope he reads this because I want him to know I am not a thief and never have been. Instead of making up a lie, which I could have done, I told the truth, and got a licking." But I won't quote to show how he ends a story, because he always ends with a very, sometimes unnecessarily, long sentence. He is really very good and accurate about American life. You can learn from him.

Everybody knows that Mr. Macdonell is a very good and very reliable writer. *Lords and Masters*, his new work which appears at a decent interval after *How Like an Angel*, is slightly more serious, but still funny and satirical. It is about a terrific Scotch capitalist and his family and is very skilfully told with an ingenious blend of characterization, interest, humour and excitement. It ought and deserves to sell. The angle from which its satire is directed is, as its title implies, a matriarchal one—see what a mess men make of running the affairs of the world and themselves.

The King Sees Red is topical and interesting politically, but the wish it implies is so directly in contradiction to real probability

that it cannot be ranked as a satisfactory satirical phantasy. The little young King from central Europe comes to England, makes classes and has adventures. Trouble breaks in his country. The representatives of British Finance capital get theirs. The little King refuses to go back, gets a false moustache and becomes an unemployed. It is unreal because kings have a distressing habit of staying white. Mr. Bertram might, however, send a copy to His ex-Catholic Majesty of Spain. As a novel it is distinctly entertaining and improves as it goes along and becomes more political.

Miss Frankau's *Villa Anodyne* is light, bright, amusing and pleasant to read. The summer holiday adventures of her literary Civil Servant hero and his young wife among literary camp followers in the South of France get tangled up with a plot which is flimsy yet overtortuous as an elderly and recalcitrant bootlace, but Miss Frankau's agreeable lightness of touch, characterization and dialogue triumph over this weakness.

Cockalorum is presumably more autobiographical than fictional, and none the worse for that. It consists of short chapters some of which develop a piece of narrative, some of which are in more or less essay form. It covers the Navy during and after the war, the Highlands, night life in the ports of Yangtse, odd jobs in London and the country, and experiences in journalism. Its vigour is rather overdone, but it is a lot better than the average and is scarcely ever boring.

Mr. Howard Spring has written a children's book and very nice too. A travelling circus with cockney and other comic characters. Good animals and well named. There is nothing hackneyed about it and Mr. Spring has done it exceedingly well—a lot better than Mr. Priestley would have done.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON.

SHORTER NOTICES

AN ADMIRAL NEVER FORGETS. By VICE-ADMIRAL HUMPHREY SMITH, D.S.O. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*

THE WORST thing about this book is its title; but like the elephant it has a certain spacious dignity and sureness of movement.

A HERO OF THE RESTORATION. By OLIVER WARNER. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MR. WARNER'S biography of General Monck has no bibliography nor are any authorities cited. It is not, therefore, a book which will attract serious students of the period. But for that growing public which likes history without too many tears this pleasant narrative should be attractive enough.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES WRIGHT OF OLNEY. *Herbert Jenkinson.* 15*s.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a biographer; interesting enough but another illustration that autobiography is the more difficult, though unfortunately, the more practised, art.

SCOTT OF THE SHAN HILLS. Edited by G. E. MIDDLETON (LADY SCOTT). *John Murray.* 15*s.*

AN INTERESTING and well illustrated account of the life of Sir George Scott and his adventures in the remote parts of Burma.

CHRISTIAN POLITY. By V. A. DEMANT. *Faber & Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. DEMANT has here collected a number of essays on themes which vary from the Status of Man to Dr. Barnes' philosophy. He looks at things from a theological angle and has many interesting contributions to make on matters of theological and sociological interest.

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. By JOHN CROPTON. *Hurst & Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a schoolmaster who also served with the Royal Naval Division. The best part of the book is the pleasant reconstruction of childhood days.

GLADSTONE OF HAWARDEN. By IVOR THOMAS. *John Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THIS SHOULD prove an attractive book to those interested in the subject. But the private life of families connected with public events has perhaps a limited appeal.

MOONS, MYTHS AND MAN. By H. S. BELLAMY. *Faber & Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

UNCONVENTIONAL ASTRONOMY convincingly presented.

SONG OF FRIENDSHIP. By BERNHARD KELLERMANN. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE PUBLISHER'S "blurb" says that this book reminds one of the *Good Companions* but with a greater earthiness and in places a certain humour and realistic coarseness. These characteristics are a matter of taste, but as regards style there are too many clichés, e.g. "Dolly was swimming in happiness. Every day her love for Jack grew more ardent," and far too many exclamation marks to make for distinction of style.

A CHASTE POLYGAMY. By EDWARD MATHER. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A VERY interesting collection of short stories. Mr. Mather is at his best in *Pharcomania*, the story of two elderly suffragettes. Mr. Mather has just missed writing a very good book. He may well succeed in doing so before very long.

WHITEOAK HARVEST. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MISS DE LA ROCHE adds to her saga of the Whiteoaks, a Canadian family, whose development she has traced in previous books. The present volume both in texture and in narrative is well up to the high standard which Miss de la Roche has set in previous volumes.

THE MIRTLE TREE. By R. G. GOODYEAR. *Boriswood.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A BOOK all about the effects of love. Nevertheless it contains some crisp phraseology such as "The Reverend Thrimple prayed aloud in a luscious, patronizing manner. Nobody listened to him."

THE MASTER OF BALLAMONA. By KENNETH GORDON. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

YET ANOTHER story about a rough-hewn man who is a tyrant in the home. This time the scene is life in the Isle of Man, and there is an attractive picture of life in a small rural community.

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A PLEASANT enough story for those who like gypsy romances.

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A NOVEL based on the tradition of Thierry, Sovereign Chief of New Zealand. A good idea satisfactorily executed.

CANDLE-LIGHT TALES. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber & Faber.* 6*s.*

A PLEASANT collection of children's stories by Miss Uttley whom many children have heard from Broadcasting House.

JOHNNY AND MARYTARY. By H. B. CRESSWELL. *Faber & Faber.* 5*s.*

A PLEASANT piece of make-believe in the every-day life of some rather charming children.

COCOANUTS AND CREOLES. By J. A. F. OZANNE. *Philip Allan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

AN ATTRACTIVELY written and well-illustrated account of one of the islands of the Seychelle group which has been English for the last hundred years. It will be interesting to those who wish to know more of the less well-known and more exotic parts of the Empire.

AFTER US. By J. P. LOCKHART-MUMMERY. *Stanley Paul.* 18*s.*

IN THIS book a well-known surgeon surveys the future of the world as he sees it. In the early part of the work and in those parts in which he deals with science and medicine Mr. Lockhart-Mummery is on his own ground and speaks with authority. In chapters like that on the "New Citizen" and "Man his Own God," and where he deals with finance and industry Mr. Lockhart-Mummery's con-

clusions are more open to question. But he has much to say on those points too which is provocative and worth attention.

LAND OF TO-MORROW. By R. W. THOMPSON. *Duckworth.* 16*s.*

A GOOD account of a visit to South America. Mr. Thompson covers much ground and gives a convincing interpretation of life in the prairies and cities of South America.

Correspondence

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—I have read with interest Major J. C. Daniell's letter on Germany and the foreign situation. It seems very unfortunate that there has sprung up in the last decade a form of anti-German neurosis, without doubt attributable to the War, which is preventing those afflicted with it from understanding the true nation of Germany to-day. It is in no unfriendly manner that I reply to Major Daniell, but I must point out that his allegation that Germany has been the trouble of Europe for the last hundred years is exaggerated.

If we take 1800–1937 we find that France has invaded Germany no less than five times and as a reprisal one other time while Germany has only invaded France once, and as a reprisal three times.

1800 French invasion of Germany, Moreau.
1805 French invasion of Germany, 3rd Coalition.
1809 French invasion of Germany.
1870 France invaded Bavaria, Franco-Prussian War.
1918 France invaded Germany after the Great War.
1923 France invaded the Ruhr.

Germany has invaded France in 1914 and after French invasions of Germany in 1814, 1815, and 1870.

If you accept this list it certainly seems to show that while Germany has invaded France on declaration of war *only* once, France has invaded Germany *no less* than five times. Why should Major Daniell declare that the spirit of Germany has not changed for the last twenty years; Germany might retaliate and quibble that the poilicy of Britain has not changed. It is perfectly easy to be *naïf* about political events and say that everything that Britain does is done with good motives, and that everything that Germany has done is caused by the desire to rule the world; but if Major Daniell goes over to Europe he will find more and more that the sceptics and the diplomats accredit *Britain* with a desire to rule the world.

I also find it very difficult to understand Major Daniell's statement that we are essentially a nation of individualists. What he should have said is that we in common with the rest of the world were individualists during the last century, and during this century we have more than the rest of the world clung to our worn out nineteenth century ideals. On the other hand no one suddenly removed from the nineteenth century to Britain in the year of grace 1936 would say we were individualistic; would Lord Palmerston, looking on the chain stores, on the banking system, on the gigantic financial trusts, industrial monopolies, on the gradual crushing of the small shopkeepers, and the depopulating of the countryside, on the mass

hysteria aroused by the Press or the trustification of the Press, say that Britain was individualistic ? What we are creating with all this mad cry for speed and progress is a soulless machine, a foul bureaucracy, which is dictating to the people and destroying the very fibre of the good old British spirit. For these reasons I believe that Fascism is in danger of coming to Great Britain, if it can, as it has done in Italy and Germany, give back the people their souls and quieten down the mad pace of modern civilization.

I am, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,

P. J. SPRANKLIN.

Redcot, Otford, Kent. 12th November, 1936.

To the Editor, *English Review*.

DEAR SIR—Will you allow an invalid to make some observations which one of your staff might embody in an article for your magnificent mazazine ?

1. We were told that the League of Nations was to usher in some sort of new heaven and earth, but how can it do this when it itself is founded on one of the most iniquitous " Peace " Treaties ever made ?

2. If our politicians are to be believed, France and this country —gorged with the spoil of the last war—desire the annexations to be made perpetual ! But only a raving madman can imagine that retention of the German colonies is worth another and greater war—wherein both Germany and England will go down for ever and Communism be left supreme !

(The U.S.A., confronted with its own Communist and Negro problems, could not intervene again, even if it wished to do so.)

3. A new era must be inaugurated by new methods, and therefore her colonies should be returned to the only Great Power which lacks them, and which needs them most.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that H.M. the King—as an honourable man, having the real interest of his people (and dynasty) at heart—would like to signalize his coronation by a " splendid gesture " of restitution and far-seeing magnanimity? And would not this be a finer and nobler deed than the achievements of all his ancestors put together ?

Yours faithfully,

H.H.

To the Editor, *English Review*.

DEAR SIR—Let me congratulate you on E. M. E. Blyth's paper in your October issue, which appears to me to put the case for the Palestinian Arabs with admirable lucidity, moderation and firmness. I cannot help feeling that the Zionist movement has paid far too little attention to the rights of the Arab population—rights not necessarily satisfied by money transactions in which one party is almost incapable of fully realizing the effects of a bargain; and my own knowledge of Polish Jews in East London makes me uneasy at the very large percentage of that element among the Palestinian immigrants. Is there no way of directing the attention of the responsible authorities to this timely and well documented protest?

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST CARR.

Lyndall, Forest Drive, Kingswood, Surrey.

To the Editor, *English Review*.

DEAR SIR—I hesitate to correct such an erudite person as the Editor of the *English Review*, but I think I am correct in stating that the word 'accommodate' should be spelt with two m's (*see* page 402 of your November issue).

I am supported in this contention by the Oxford Dictionary, and by the spelling of the root of the word.

Let me congratulate you as an old and constant reader, on the increased size of your magazine and therefore of its value.

Yours truly,

EDW. F. MACKAY.

To the Editor, *English Review*.

DEAR SIR—I have had much pleasure in reading the last two numbers of the *English Review*. It is good, that, amongst an innumerable amount of newspapers and magazines, one finds the *English Review* expressing really sound views.

As a young fellow, I am interested in the possibility of emigrating to one of the British Dominions, and would welcome an inspired article in your magazine along these lines.

Wishing you every success.

I am,

Yours truly,

PHILIP G. WOLSTENHOLME.

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